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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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ON the twelfth of February we shall be treated to a familiar performance. Hundreds of loquacious speakers throughout the country will arise from the dinner table and confide to their audiences a profound conviction that of all our Presidents Lincoln was most completely the man of the people, the most thoroughly and typically American. The official duty of these speakers will be that of eulogizing Mr. Lincoln. Their real purpose will be that of flattering their audience. If Mr. Lincoln was so entirely a man of the people, the people must be very like to Mr. Lincoln. In point of fact Mr. Lincoln was superficially a man of the people, and fundamentally a unique, distinguished and wholly exceptional individual. In certain salient respects he was the least typical of Americans. Americans, particularly those of Lincoln's own generation and neighborhood, were essentially active, aggressive and objective men, whose lives were given over to practical external affairs, who subordinated everything else to the demands of practical achievement, and whose individuality consisted in living ordinary lives in an extraordinarily energetic manner. They were superficial, discursive, easygoing, quarrelsome, and wholly incapable of preparing in advance for any task or responsibility. In all these respects Lincoln differed from his fellow countrymen, and upon these differences his eminence depends. He was not particularly ambitious, aggressive or practical. In spite of his lively social feelings, he lived a contemplative life, in which the intellectual interest obtained full expression and which attained a high degree of internal concentration. He fought hard and well, but he never quarrelled. During his formative years he quietly but unconsciously prepared himself for great enterprises. He trained his mind because he enjoyed hard intellectual exertion. His style shaped itself under the influence of the Bible and Shakespeare. Thus at a period and in a country favorable to the cheap performance and the easy victory, Mr. Lincoln tempered his reason and his spirit for a great performance and a costly victory. Was there anything typically American about that?

OF all public acts of American citizens connected with the war the platform adopted by certain German-American civic associations at their Washington meeting wears the most sinister aspect. It is nothing less than a barefaced and unscrupulous attempt to drag the United States into the European war as the ally of Germany, and the policy which is to bring about this result is not even speciously characterized as "neutral" and "American." An American policy consists, it seems, in insisting to the limit upon our legal rights and trade interests whenever such insistence will injure the allies, and in breaking legal rules and sacrificing business interests whenever such behavior will help Germany. This American policy is to be made effective by a pledge on the part of its supporters to vote against any candidate to office who will not publicly submit. The only possible answer to such German-Americans is to treat them with their own medicine and eliminate them from responsible official positions. They and all their doings are suspect. By declaring in favor of an American mer-

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chant marine they have dealt an ugly blow to the Wilson ship purchase bill. They would not want an American merchant marine unless Germany was supposed to derive the chief benefit from it. German-Americans have a grievance because of the merely colonial subservience of much American opinion in its relation to English opinion; but when they attempt to substitute for subservience to English opinion a manifest exploitation of this country in the interests of Germany, they are merely giving another instance of the stupid lack of imagination which has of late characterized all German treatment of alien countries.

IT was in character with the best of President Wilson's tradition that the first reason he gave for vetoing the Immigration bill was a refusal to close the United States to political refugees. Among all the threadbare "liberties" of the older liberalism, sympathy for the political revolutionist is one of its enduring contributions to the world. The President has shown that his attachment to eighteenth century doctrine is a real part of his character, that he accepts its inconveniences and follows its logic. Unless this aspect of him is understood, much of what he says about Mexico, for example, is incomprehensible. He thinks in the terms of men who read Rousseau, Locke, Montesquieu, Adam Smith; and the words liberty and freedom have that quality of faith for him which the blasé do not seem able to understand. Often, it seems to us, this old-fashioned liberalism distorts his thinking so much that he becomes strangely impervious to the problems of a highly organized industrial society, a society radically different from any that Jefferson knew. But it helps him on many a simple question of human liberty to be insistently and eloquently right.

ON Wednesday representative bakers of New York state sent a telegram to the Attorney General of the United States asking whether it was possible to prevent flour dealers from advancing their prices to the speculative wheat level. That afternoon May wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade had sold at $1.66 a bushel; flour had risen above eight dollars a barrel, and it was feared that it might soon rise to nine. The five-cent loaf is selling in Chicago for six cents, and the bakers seem to be caught between the millstones of an exorbitant price for flour and a refusal on the part of the public to permit an increase in the price or a reduction in the size of the loaf. The cause of all these developments is the steady drain of American wheat to western Europe, but it is probable that speculative buying in an anticipation of a still more acute scarcity is making the situation worse. In similar circumstances England, Germany, and other of the belligerent nations would have stepped in and set definite limits to the price increase or even have placed an embargo on the further exportation of the cereal. What our own government will do is not known. For a while it will do nothing at all, but act upon the theory that guilt is personal and try to prosecute somebody. Prosecutions will not, however, make bread cheaper and before the war is over the country may have to regulate its food supply as they are doing abroad.

WRITING on the Portsmouth conference in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Mr. Melville E. Stone proves highly instructive as an autobiographer, incidentally throwing a suggestive sidelight on the power of the Associated Press. Mr. Stone, it appears, early perceived that Japan's claim to an eight hundred million dollar indemnity was the block between Russia and peace. The processes by which that block was removed are the burden of his tale. First he obtained an admission from Baron Kaneko that Japan was prepared to abandon her claim for indemnity. To convey this information to the Czar in the most impressive manner was the next diplomatic problem. To President Roosevelt he suggested the Kaiser. With true diplomatic tact Mr. Roosevelt allowed to the Kaiser that the Japanese had "very reluctantly and only under strong pressure from me" agreed to waive indemnity, and he asked the Kaiser to put the matter to the Czar. The Kaiser was willing. He went to the royal yacht on the Baltic with Mr. Roosevelt's message, meeting with a favorable reception. Then, taking the bull by the horns, Mr. Stone and Mr. Roosevelt decided to announce through the Associated Press "that the Japanese had determined to waive their claim for indemnity—this with a view to committing them irrevocably to the pledge that Kaneko had given." It was audacious, but it worked, and Mr. Stone is pardonably proud. The ordinary reader may, however, be forgiven if he is somewhat shocked at this egregrious use of the Associated Press. Mr. Stone illustrates only too well its possibilities as an instrument in diplomacy. Are the ways of the serpent always so employed in the interests of the dove?

THE rules of the Senate lend themselves more easily to filibustering than do those of any other important legislative body, but filibusters such as the one now being conducted by the Republicans are none the less rare. The Senate as a whole realizes that much of the peculiar dignity and advantage of being a Senator depends upon the highly privileged position which the existing rules

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confer upon individual Senators and on minorities. A filibuster calls attention to the great power entrusted both to the single members of that body and to a minor group, and this is just what Senators instinctively seek to avoid. The grave limitations placed upon the effective power of a Senatorial majority cannot persist indefinitely; but at the same time the reluctance of many good Americans to approve a change in the rules of the Senate is explicable. Among American legislative bodies the only two alternatives have been despotism or anarchy. The willingness of the majority to suppress the majority has only been equalled by the willingness of the minority whenever possible to prevent the majority from ruling at all. Representative bodies which are asked to govern the community have not shown any capacity for self-government, and yet conservatives are astonished at the disrepute into which representative institutions have fallen. Such being the general experience, we dread a change in the rules of the only really deliberative parliamentary body in the United States. Once the alteration begins, the Senate may degenerate into another House of Representatives, in which discussion is reduced to a minimum, and in which an individual member or a minority is so completely devoid of power that it cannot have any positive influence on legislation.

THE President has recently attempted to impart renewed life in American political discussion to an old, very useful, but somewhat shop-worn metaphor. He expressed the latest version of the "New Freedom" in the figure of "a free field and no favor to anybody." American life, that is, consists in a game or conflict conducted under certain rules, and as long as the rules are observed and nobody is allowed an unfair advantage, a democrat can rest assured of the wholesomeness of the political and economic organism. The President has not helped his present case with the American public by reviving this figure. Mr. Roosevelt used it with enormous effect early in his campaign against "big business" by demanding from the invisible government a "square deal" for the American people. Under the circumstances it served a useful purpose. American public opinion had to be awakened to a sufficiently lively sense of danger and grievance, and no better tocsin could be sounded than a figurative phrase based on a familiar experience and embodying a traditional ideal. As long as the publication of grievances remains the chief object of radical agitation, a figure which easily dramatizes favoritism and unfair play must continue to be employed; but it has no value at all for a statesman who is trying to heal wounds and to persuade people to pull together in the interest of a positive program. That is Mr. Wilson's present situation. He is pleading eloquently for more unity of spirit among his fellow countrymen. He is seeking "common understandings" and "universal cooperation." But he is not succeeding. He cannot create a spirit of mutual understanding and cooperation out of the Jeffersonian principle of a "free field and no favor." That principle lives only when violated. It is powerful only for the purpose of arousing discontent.

IT is not a little curious, considering the revolution wrought in India by the influences of the West, that so few prominent Indians should have made it their business to study at first hand the phenomena of Western society. One such, however, is among us now, and America should take note of him. There are not half a dozen living Indians more widely known that Mr. Lajpat Rai. He belongs to the Punjab, and for a quarter of a century has been leader of the Arya Samaj, a vigorous wing of Hindu progressivism, remarkable alike for its ethical fervor and social enlightenment and for the rapidity of its conquests in northern India. In the thick of the Nationalist agitation provoked by Curzon, Mr. Lajpat Rai was for a spell the most conspicuous figure in the eastern empire of Britain. The Viceroy's government, backed up, ironically enough, by John Morley as Secretary of State, fished out from its files a musty ordinance of the old East India Company and, without a shred of legal formality, snatched up and deported Mr. Lajpat Rai to Burma, as the most convenient and spectacular means of getting a powerful Nationalist out of the way. That was eight years ago, and things are different to-day. The exile of 1907 is on a journey of inquiry round the globe, looking into American democracy, the negro problem, the Yellow Peril, the progress of the Filipinos, and what not.

ON a morning in late January a young man seated himself at his desk in the office of the secretary to the President and looked at a memorandum. "Well, this is Kaiser day," he said, and sighed under the burden of his responsibility. Not only does this young man have to keep track of all fixed and movable feasts, but he must be careful not to congratulate anybody who is dead or deposed or was defeated at the last election. He gave the felicitating machinery a turn or two, and out came a cablegram intimating that the President, government and people of the United States were delirious with joy over Wilhelm's birthday. In Berlin, Seine Durchlaucht, the Haupt-Herr Felicitator-Generalius, made a check on a pink card, and directed an underling to send out Polite Acknowl-

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edgement 127 E, for presidents of republics having twelve battleships or over. Thus the incident was closed—or should have been. But a lot of people saw in President Wilson's message of congratulation to the war-lord a peril to our institutions and wrote letters to the papers. Apparently we should have made the day a day of mourning as the Poles used to do. F. Hopkinson Smith wanted to know whether watchful waiting had changed to the Watch on the Rhine. The President could not blame the system, for "guilt is always personal." What would have happened if that message had not been sent?

Business and Politics

PRESIDENT WILSON'S last two speeches have raised once again the great classic American problem—the inveterate, bristling, tantalizing problem of the relationship between politics and business. The ordinary American has been more than anything else both a politician and a business man. He has played the two parts with some measure of success and a larger measure of self-congratulation. He has wanted above all to bestow upon the drama of politics and business the benediction of a happy ending. He has succeeded at times in preventing the two heroes of the national drama from quarreling throughout one whole act, but whenever that has taken place they are sure to be fighting a duel in the next. The plot of the play escapes the control of the amiable author, and what was designed to be an idyllic romance degenerates into a tedious tragedy of voluble and violent recriminations.

Just at present business is overflowing with grievances against politics. The country is passing through a period of business depression of almost unprecedented severity, and the great majority of business men attribute the consequent losses and sufferings to an excess of political interference and agitation. What they want above everything else is to be let alone. They declare that if the political agitation would cease and some stability of economic conditions be assured, the sun of prosperity would flood the landscape and bring its depressed and shivering inhabitants back to activity and life. Apparently a majority of American citizens are disposed to agree with them.

They may be right in believing that business has of recent years been burdened with an excess of merely meddlesome interference and inconsiderate agitation. They may succeed in doing away with the immediate political effectiveness of the busybodies and the agitators; but they should not be expected to accomplish much by their victory or stave off for long the interference of politics. It cannot be done. American business will always have to reckon with political requirements and vicissitudes. Business men, instead of bemoaning interference with business and vainly protesting against it, should rather seek to understand why it is inevitable and what can be done to forestall it and make it useful.

In the past, business men have made many valiant attempts to secure uninterrupted stability. The Constitution of the United States was in part the embodiment of the first and most successful effort of business to do away with the damaging political interference. Trade of all kinds and the security of property itself had been threatened by the legislation of the states in favor of debtors. The express intention of preventing the passage of laws inimical to business had much to do both with the calling of the Convention and with the nature of its work. The business man's point of view was wrought into the very foundation of the American political system. It was written in indelible ink on an imperishable parchment that the nation should encourage the individual accumulation of property to the very limit, because when confined within proper rules it would result in individual independence and social amelioration. The superficial enmity between politics and business was to be banished by the declaration of a deeper harmony.

For a generation or two it looked as if the effort had been successful. Under the protection of the increasingly popular and respected Constitution, business was emancipated to a large extent from political annoyances and distractions. Business men were delighted with the result, and in their delight they failed to understand that the superficial emancipation had been paid for by a deeper dependence. The writing of the point of view of business into the fundamental law had in truth fastened business and politics together in a knot which could thereafter be neither cut nor unravelled. Business cannot escape the clutches of politics, for the reason that a political system such as the Fathers founded cannot escape the clutches of business.

Business men who are now so loudly demanding to be let alone by politicians should recall a little history. When they were in the saddle, as was the case during the forty years succeeding the Civil War, they did not let politics alone. Not content with the stiff legal protection of the Constitution, they sought the active political promotion of business interests. The economic legislation of both the states and the nation during the last three decades of the nineteenth century was contrived almost exclusively for the purpose of stimulating to the limit all kinds of business activity. Its underlying assumption was that American life was chiefly a huge profit-sharing enterprise and that popular economic well-being was commensurate with the

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volume of business activity. Throughout this period business men were insisting on political interference as sedulously as they are now protesting against it.

The dictation by business of the political policy of this country did not prove to be a great success. It resulted in the unwholesome concentration of wealth, in the exploitation of labor and in political demoralization. Public opinion underwent a violent reaction against it. Business has been suffering from relentless political interference chiefly because politicians have been trying to tear down some of the sky-scrapers erected during the period of domination by business, and substitute for them lower and more hospitable buildings supplied with abundant light and a freer circulation of air. Business has been injured, perhaps unnecessarily injured, during the reconstruction; and it will continue to suffer injury because the work of reconstruction is far from being completed. But the friends of business should recognize that its sufferings are not caused really by irresponsible and malicious agitation. They are in part the necessary consequence of the attempt made by business to subordinate politics to its needs, and to a still greater extent they are the result of the interdependence between politics and business which in the beginning was written into our fundamental law.

When consequently President Wilson declares that the business man's troubles are over, because Democratic legislation has established a new definition of the limits within which business motives can be allowed free play, he is encouraging a dangerous illusion. The political pressure on business may indeed be relaxed in the near future, partly because recent legislation has diminished the area of immediate grievances and mitigated some causes of acute suspicion. But that the Democratic legislation has actually achieved the task, attempted by the framers of the Constitution, of defining the conditions under which individual money-making is to take on inevitable social character is rather too absurd. Politics must continue to interfere with business, because social purposes cannot be intrusted wholly to the individual, but must in part seek expression through political action. There is only one way in which business can escape political interference, which is by the voluntary reorganization of business in the interest of a more social result; and should such a reorganization take place, business men themselves will be impelled to interfere with business for the benefit of social purposes. The national drama of business and politics cannot have two heroes. It has no chance of a happy ending unless its writers frankly accept politics as the hero, and convert business at worst into a subordinate rôle, and at best into a fully enfranchised heroine.

Normal Inequalities of Fortune

THE Supreme Court has decided that no state may forbid an employer to compel a workman to leave the union under penalty of losing his job. This is not a new decision, but the Court repeated its belief in the propriety of the principle and refused to change the law. The result is that it will take the consent of the legislatures of three-quarters of all the states in conjunction with Congress to make illegal such a practise. How has such a result arrived? No one supposes that a man may make any contract he pleases, and the court in spite of some archaic language about inalienable rights thought nothing of the kind. Everyone agreed that the right to contract was subject to the police power, whatever that might be. We should not think of it as though it related only to certain subjects, like the public health or safety; that used to be said, but probably it never was the law, and it has long since been exploded if it ever was. At present the police power covers anything which serves the public interest, so far as the courts think the legislature's judgment on the public interest should prevail.

The majority of the court, for the vote was six to three in this case, while agreeing that the legislature might in most cases decide when the public interest required a limitation of the right to contract, thought that this was a case where it might not. The test is, though it has seldom been avowed in quite these terms, whether a fair man could believe that the law as enacted really served any genuine public interest. Between all reasonable differences of opinion the legislature has the right to choose; the court recognizes that it has no general legislative powers; it upsets the doings of the legislature only when it cannot find any conceivable purpose which an honest man could think would serve the public; then it says that the legislature has deprived some person of his liberty without due process of law. Therefore this decision and the previous case necessarily mean that no reasonable man could think it for the general public interest that a workman should not be compelled to leave the union or not to join it at the risk of losing his job.

Now of course the court did not suppose that it would not tend to injure the power of the union if employers actually did this; nor did the court pretend to say that unions did not have their uses; in fact, the justice who wrote the prevailing opinion wanted to be rather nice about unions, so long as they did not interfere with the freedom of contract. His theory was that if you forbade the employer to injure the unions in this way, you took from him some of the economic advantage which he got by his control over capital and his ability to keep the

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workman out of a job, and that no sensible person could possibly think it was in the public interest to deprive him of that economic power for that purpose. The words he used were these—they are short: "Unless all things are held in common, some persons must have more property than others, [and] it is from the nature of things impossible to uphold freedom of contract and the right of private property without at the same time recognizing as legitimate those inequalities of fortune that are the necessary result of the exercise of those rights." Therefore a state may not declare "that the public good requires the removal of those inequalities that are but the normal and inevitable result of their exercise."

If the purpose to be accomplished was a true public purpose, it can hardly be an objection that it affects the "normal inequalities of fortune," for every limitation of the right of contract does that, and some limitations are concededly proper. Either, then, the court must suppose that the purposes of a union do not touch the public, or that it is obvious that the union cannot accomplish its purposes. Now it is inconceivable that the court should have thought the purposes of the union do not touch the public, for those purposes include fixing wages under which families may live without progressive degradation, shortening hours which take from life all but its drudgery, preventing unemployment with its constant ghost of pauperism. Nor is it tenable for the court to stop experiments to accomplish these purposes by means of a union. True, men may differ a good deal as to how far unions can permanently affect trade conditions, but the court cannot presume to put an end to all legislation looking towards the protection of unions because they personally believe them certain to be abortive; that would be too obvious an assumption of legislative powers in their traditional sense. If the purpose does concern the public, and if the means are not irrationally inappropriate, there can be no possible justification for the decision except upon the theory that the balance of advantage is too clearly against the law, a conclusion equally fatal to its propriety; such considerations are obviously not for courts under any system.

What, moreover, can be thought of the doctrine that the public good may not require the removal of normal and inevitable inequalities of wealth? Do we have it upon the authority of the court that such inequalities are beyond human help? Has the court so proved the unhappy forecasts of James Mill and Harriet Martineau that we must give up all future experiments in modifying such inequalities? If so, we should greatly profit by a little exegesis; it might save fruitless efforts. Or are we to understand that all inequalities as they exist are, after all, normal in the sense of desirable? Surely no judge really thinks that. Are we not finally driven to the conclusion that such decisions come from the prejudices of that economic class to which all the justices belong, and that they are merely unable to shake off the traditions of their education? How else shall we interpret an imagination which has failed to comprehend the hopes and aspirations of hundreds of thousands of living men? How else is it possible to understand such blindness to the beliefs of certainly half the economists of the present time?

The result is bad enough, but the reasons are much worse, and worst of all is the political system which permits either. The "due process" clause of the constitutions can never be other than a means by which courts exercise a legislative function; they pass upon the propriety of what the legislature does, and to do that they must judge by what they think wise and just and necessary. No amount of judicial protestation to the contrary can disguise the facts; the most that courts can do is to exercise the power so rarely and in such obviously unjust cases that there will be no difference of opinion. Such cases very seldom arise, for legislatures always represent in these matters some substantial body of genuine public opinion. The possible uses at best are trifling compared with the evils which come from decisions like these; it would be a great gain to take out of all constitutions such provisions as the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments. No state can safely risk the creation of that impotent rage which will come to great numbers of men from a declaration that the law will not permit any legislation which affects the inequalities of economic power. It seems to them to impose from without a system in which they not only now have no part, but in which they can never share in the future, some huge mechanism embodying ideas which they do not understand, and assumptions which, if they only knew it, are long dead. What welcome can they give to the favorite conservative dogma that the judges never make the law, with such instances before them? What answer should they give? What is the fatuity of a system which grants such powers to men who it insists shall be independent of all popular control!

These are balmy days of reaction and the skies look fair, but weather is proverbially uncertain. If courts are to have legislative powers, either they must abdicate their exercise except on rare visitations and in neutral matters, or they must consent to submit to a popular control which they rightly enough resent. One or the other is a condition of democracy; it is a condition of anything but ceremonial dancing before the ark of the covenant.

Three justices dissented, among whom Justice Holmes especially stood out. He puts his wine in

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a tiny cup, but for that we taste it the better. A great scholar, a far-sighted statesman, the keenest intellect of the long robe, we should honor him while we have him, or the future will curse our blindness.

Mr. Morgan Stands Pat

MR. J. P. Morgan's testimony before the Industrial Relations Commission reads a good deal like that of a man who had a mortal fear of being too good in public. Of all those who have faced the Commission Mr. Morgan alone seems not to have cared especially whether he made a good impression or not. It was as if he had drawn into a shell, determined even at the cost of his own reputation not to accommodate himself to what a man of his temperament would regard as the circus methods of democracy. It was apparent that, unlike others who had testified before the Commission, Mr. Morgan had not been furnished in advance with a list of the social problems upon which his views would be asked. He was obviously unwilling to give offhand an opinion on the complex industrial problems of modern life. His replies were those of a person who prefers to stand pat rather than play the role allotted him. He showed that from a man who has grown up in the Morgan tradition no volubility could be expected when he has to face a battery of cameras, a curious and accusing audience, and a Commission thinking frankly in terms of newspaper headlines.

The clearest lesson of his testimony is that Mr. Morgan has a false conception of himself as a private citizen. He seems unwilling or unable to grasp the fact that the house of Morgan is one of the great facts of American life, an overshadowing public phenomenon which no alert democracy can afford to disregard. It is all very well for him to describe himself as "a banker"—he is more than a banker, he is one of the supreme figures of the modern industrial system. That system is working very badly, it is producing results at enormous human costs, it is a system which an ever increasing number of people are coming to realize cannot endure on its present basis. The system is linked with the name of Morgan, and it is not only the right but the plain duty of the American people to question Mr. Morgan about it.

Yet on the witness stand Mr. Morgan acted as if he were unaware that he is a public figure, every bit as important to our lives and just as subject to democratic criticism as the President or Congress or the Supreme Court. The fact that he is legally only a "private citizen" makes a discussion of his power, actual and potential, all the more necessary. No doubt there is an extravagant myth woven about the name Morgan, a myth which credits him with an influence that he knows he does not possess. No doubt he would be helpless to reform the system radically, even if he knew how or had the desire. But after all the allowances have been made, his testimony reveals an extreme failure to grasp his own significance, and a mind out of touch with the democracy in which he lives.

Representing as he does modern capitalism in its most concentrated form, Mr. Morgan seems nevertheless determined to live in the mood of the older banking tradition. He refuses to accept the responsibility which public opinion has come to believe inherent in his power. To almost every question referring to social matters he replied, "I do not know" or "I have no opinion." Questioned as to whether it was fair to refuse employment at unskilled labor to men over thirty-five, he replied that this was a matter of opinion; asked what was his opinion, he replied, "I haven't any."

His point of view seemed to be that he was not a statesman, nor a sociologist, nor even an employer, but simply a banker who accepted directorship in certain corporations in order to protect the investments which he represents. The only responsibility he seemed to acknowledge was as a fiscal agent to the holders of securities. In support of Mr. Morgan this should be said: he is not, like the Rockefellers, a great employer of labor; most of his investments are not in industries but in banks; and even in the United States Steel Corporation he represents more shares than he owns.

But this is just where the anomaly of his position arises. In the modern corporation form of industry private property has become so fluid, so distributed, and so impersonal that the "owners" of an industry have almost ceased to govern it. They are probably incapable of governing it; the security-holders have sunk to the position of mere creditors, without social responsibility, and with no other demand than a desire for return on their investment. Themselves being scattered, industrially incompetent, and personally impotent, their "property" is managed for them by bankers, and the most conspicuous of these is Mr. Morgan himself. The stockholders become his clients, and the responsibility he acknowledges is to them. But as their interest is purely financial, his interest remains purely financial, and the result is that social irresponsibility which the Commission revealed by its questions.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Morgan represents a form of private property that is obsolete. He represents it when by the evolution of industry it has lost personal control, lost its power to govern, and become merely a power to tax. The actual government of the corporation has passed into the hands

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of executive officials, responsible for "results" to the "owners" through their banking representative. But what they mean by "results" is stability of the property, financial cost and financial return. Human cost and human return are not regarded as "results," because, as the management is now constituted, no one is directly interested in them. In practically all the testimony, in Mr. Jacob Schiff's, Mr. August Belmont's, and Mr. Morgan's, it was clear that the financial leaders did not regard themselves as industrial statesmen but as the agents or the leaders of capital which had become impersonal and single-minded.

Obviously it is a situation which cannot continue. If in the United States Steel Corporation we are face to face with an institution where the "owners" are impotent, their banking representatives responsible only to them as investors, the management responsible only to the financial leaders, the consumers unrepresented, and labor forbidden to organize for representation, then we have in that corporation one of the worst forms of government imaginable. For where in that whole circle of irresponsibility is someone who has the will and the power to reform the human conduct of the steel business? With every one "passing the buck" to some one else, how is a bewildered democracy to take hold? Instinctively it takes hold of the most conspicuous person in the business. That person is Mr. Morgan, and until he can show where the real power to humanize the industry resides he will remain the object of attack.

For his own peace of mind Mr. Morgan should realize that he cannot escape the burden of his prestige. He will be blamed increasingly for the things he fails to do. He is in the same position that a President would be who decided to do nothing but what the Constitution expressly ordered him to do. Such a President standing pat on the technique of his office would be buried under popular disapproval. A financial leader who tries to be nothing but a "banker" runs counter to all the expectations of the public. Mr. Morgan's position in the business world is so great that an unwillingness to lead is taken to mean an approval of the horrible abuses of modern industry.

Yet in a real sense he cannot lead very much. The industrial democracy which must supplant the system identified so intimately with the name of Morgan is something which cannot be imposed from the top. It must grow and encroach from the bottom and the sides. But what Mr. Morgan might do from his high position is to prepare the minds of men of his class for the inevitable change, so that it can be made with the good-will necessary to success, and not by the fierce beating of blind rebellion against blind obstruction.

Testing a Race by its Literacy

THE Executive message accompanying the veto of the Immigration bill is more interesting as an expression of latter-day liberalism than as a contribution to our stock of ideas on the subject of immigration. The general outlines of the problem of the illiterate alien are known to everybody. In many of our cities his habits of living are a sore burden upon the sanitation service, and it is his presence that is in large part responsible for our disorderly mining-camp feudalism. The illiterate immigrant has undoubtedly reduced wages at particular points in our field of employment, if not in our economic system as a whole. To the labor organizer he proves refractory material; in any serious crisis he is as likely to be fighting on the side of capital as on the side of labor. President Wilson touches upon none of these considerations. His argument may fairly be summarized as follows: (1) it is cruel to deprive the oppressed alien of the opportunities offered by America; (2) it has been our traditional policy to welcome immigrants to this country, whatever their condition; (3) there is no clear mandate of the people in support of restriction. Individualism, traditionalism and popular sovereignty: a familiar trinity.

It will be asserted by immigration restrictionists that President Wilson's generous sympathy with the alien has seduced him into sacrificing the vital interests of the population already established in America. Let us waive the immediate economic and social problems arising from an influx of illiterate aliens, since such problems are fairly sure to be solved in a generation. There still remains the problem of the racial quality of the illiterate alien in its relation to our national standard of ability in future generations. For we shall hardly develop a caste system that will preclude the intermarriage of different racial stocks, and the American of the year 2100 is likely to have in his veins more of the blood of the immigrant illiterates admitted to the country by the grace of President Wilson than of the blood of the present graduates of Princeton and Harvard and Yale and all the other colleges put together. Accordingly a great deal depends on the racial character of those aliens.

We all know that literacy is not the ideal test of fitness. Five hundred years ago all the world, save China and a celibate occidental priesthood, was illiterate; yet out of this universal sea of ignorance have arisen the might and splendor of western civilization. Nevertheless, in a people among whom literacy is custom, those who cannot or will not acquire the rudiments of common education may safely be set down as of poor stock. Illiterates from Germany or Scandinavia ought to be excluded

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by our immigration laws, for such is the persistence of the German and Scandinavian schoolmasters that no child in those countries can escape literacy unless he is nearly devoid of mind.

Can we form a similar inference as to whole races that remain prevailingly illiterate, like many in Eastern and Southern Europe? Let us remember what a nest of oppression that quarter of the world really is; Russians oppressing Poles; Poles oppressing Ruthenians; Magyars oppressing Germans and Czechs and Southern Slavs; Serbs oppressing Bulgars and Turks, Rumanians oppressed by the Russians, and oppressing Jews and Bulgars in turn. All this inevitably reacts upon the educational status of the peoples. The Ruthenian child may attend the Polish school if his parents are willing to humiliate themselves to their oppressors. Instruction in Ruthenian supported by public money exists only by exception. The Magyar has not encouraged the preservation of separatist nationality among the Slovaks or Serbs by providing them with instruction in their own tongue; nor does Slovak or Serb seize eagerly upon the opportunity to become literate in Magyar.

When, in Southern and Eastern Europe, a race falls into a hopeless minority, as the Russian, German, Magyar, Italian, Serb, Bulgar, and Rumanian do in various regions that race has the alternative of illiteracy or denationalization. Are we justified in assuming that the stocks that have clung obstinately to their race despite centuries of oppression are therefore inferior? The example of Bulgaria is pertinent. A hundred years ago the Bulgarian population was one of the most cruelly oppressed in the world. Illiteracy and poverty were universal. Cultivated Englishmen traveling through the wretched territory were unconscious of the fact that its miserable serfs represented a distinct race. Yet in the last two generations Bulgaria has raised herself unaided to the level of the Western nations. Out of the illiterate stock have come great statesmen and generals, scientists and poets.

Probably the same thing is true of the Ruthenians and Slovaks and Bosniaks, the Greeks and Syrians from Asia Minor, whose lean forms and downcast faces produce so unfavorable an impression upon our comfortable students of the immigration problem. Indeed, it is just possible that potential ability may be more widely distributed among them than among the happier races of the north and west of Europe whose exiles we welcome.

For universal education, together with a fair measure of social and economic equality, sets in motion selective forces of great evolutionary potency. The better stocks rise in one generation or in two or three to the higher levels, where, under prevailing conditions, they perish. Of the Yale graduates of the years 1867-1886 two-thirds married, and on an average each married graduate was the father of two children. Of the Bryn Mawr graduates of the years 1890-1891 about one-half married, and three children were born to each two married graduates. Such data as we have indicate that the college bred are not materially less fecund than members of the same social class who do not go to college. This class, composed of all those with ability and opportunity to rise to an income level making possible the college education of their sons and daughters, is marked for elimination as certainly as are the tubercular and alcoholic strains. As a social economic group it must be recruited continually from below. And while the general population matrix may generate ability indefinitely, such active selection as we know in America points clearly to a steadily diminishing ability. If blind oppression had been the universal lot of the American people and the last generation had been born into hopeless ignorance and poverty, the abler stocks would have left five or six times as many representatives in the population as they left under freedom and material success. Would the American native population have been a worse medium in which to recruit emigrants to plant a new colony?

An oppressed race represents, as a rule, a fair sample of the abilities of mankind. The bright and the dull, the enterprising and the lethargic, are reduced by illiteracy to a common level of poverty and uncouthness. To be sure, the cowards and renegades are soon weeded out from among them; it is a brave stock that remains Ruthenian in Galicia or Bulgar in Turkish Thrace. Until we have solved the problem of perpetuating the superior strains in our own population, it will remain desirable to fortify our thinning blood from those who have not been exposed to literacy.

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Strategy in the Eastern Campaign

ABOUT December twentieth the second great German advance on Warsaw came to a complete standstill before the Bzura river, some twenty miles west of the point at which the first had been halted. Behind this river the Russians were able to concentrate sufficient numbers to make further German progress impossible, and this campaign descended to the level of those in France and Flanders.

In his second attempt to reach Warsaw, General Von Hindenburg had succeeded once more in carrying the battle line away from the German frontier. The invasion of Silesia, which had seemed imminent a month before, was indefinitely postponed. German troops occupied a wide stretch of Russian territory in Western Poland, but Warsaw had not fallen and the Russian offensive against Austria had not been checked. At the moment when the deadlock on the Bzura became unmistakable, Austrian armies were facing fresh disasters on the road from the Carpathians to Przemysl.

It was plain then that Russia had elected to draw back from the German frontier, to surrender some thousands of square miles of Polish lands, and to risk Warsaw itself, on the theory that Austria was now in a desperate state and continued pounding might take her out of the war.

Gradually through January the Russian strategy developed. Before Cracow, Russian forces were drawn north to the Nida river, where they joined hands with the armies on the Bzura, making a solid front straight across Poland from the Lower to the Upper Vistula. Other Russian troops east of Cracow were drawn back behind the Donajec, prolonging the Bzura-Nida front from the Vistula to the Carpathians. Meanwhile on the whole Carpathian front, from the Rumanian frontier to the Donajec, there was a rapid concentration of new Russian forces and a recapture of the Austrian Crownland of Bukovina. Through Bukovina into Transylvania, through the Carpathians from eastern Galicia into Hungary, the Russians began to drive their troops, following the defeated Austrians, who had wholly failed to relieve Przemysl, although they had sacrificed the Servian campaign to make the attempt.

For this new Russian move the explanation was to be found in political rather than military considerations; the soldier had yielded to the politician. The idea of the Russian politicians was plain. Bukovina and Transylvania hold together some 2,500,000 Rumanians. To "redeem" these lands is the desire of all Rumanians. Russia in the act of rapidly carrying her frontier across the Carpathians, it was reasonable to expect that Rumania, already mobilized, patently anti-Austrian in sympathy, would now enlist, take these territories as her reward, and with her armies make a connecting link in the front from Bosnia to the Baltic.

Again, for Hungary, now threatened from Servia, from Rumania, menaced by Russian troops over the passes and on the west of the Carpathians, there was patent reason for making the separate peace much whispered about in recent months. If Rumania still held back, Hungary might purchase integrity by giving up the struggle. At the very least, the German government would now have to find troops to stiffen the beaten Austrians and turn south to Hungary to defend a new frontier, a new battle line.

This is what Germany did. First Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, retired in favor of a Hungarian, an instant evidence that Hungary was henceforth to be the first consideration in the shaping of the policies of the Dual Kingdom. Then came reports of the rapid concentration of German troops in Transylvania and eastern Hungary. The German campaign along the Vistula before the Bzura lines lost all importance. Even in East Prussia fresh troops were gathered up and hastened south. In the face of the Russian menace, Germany promptly assumed the task of defending Hungary, and for the moment Hungarian dissatisfaction was silenced, while Rumania, in the presence of German army corps on her frontiers, again settled back to neutrality and sheathed a half drawn sword.

With equal promptness the Russian advance through the Transylvanian passes came to a stop. German troops made themselves felt, the Russian occupation of Transylvania was postponed. Meanwhile new Austrian and German armies began to attack the Russians on the western slopes of the Carpathians and drive them back into Galicia. Once more Vienna began to report the progress of Austrian forces toward Lemberg, toward Przemysl, striking for the upper valley of the San and at the rear of the Russian forces along the Donajec. By February first there were many signs that once more the invasion of Hungary had been halted.

But by the same date it was equally clear that Russia had met the new German operation in a wholly unexpected fashion. For several months, ever since the Germans had been defeated and driven back from the Niemen through Suwalki province, a German army had stood at bay be-

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hind the Msurian lakes and the Angerapp river, its left resting on the Pregel river at Insterburg, its right stretching off toward the Vistula at Thorn, and its center before Mlawa in Russian Poland. Now the Russians began two attacks upon this front, one directed at and around the northern, one at the southern flank.

Evidently the Russians had reckoned on the fact that German resources had been strained to meet the Hungarian situation. Clearly they expected to find German troops here in insufficient numbers to meet what seemed to be a wholly new Russian force. The opening moves of the struggle appeared to confirm this calculation. Moving west on both banks of the Niemen, the Russians took Pilkallen, approached Tilsit, where Napoleon and Alexander once partitioned Prussia, and seemed to be getting headway sufficient to carry them back to the very doors of Koenigsberg, where Russian armies had knocked in August before the Tannenberg disaster.

Here once more Russian politicians were quite as evidently at work as Russian soldiers. In August, when Russian troops had invaded East Prussia, the fugitives had fled to Berlin, to Dantzig, all the northeastern frontier had been seized with a panic, Cossacks had spread waste and ruin, and finally German troops had to be recalled from France, while the great campaign was still undecided, to save East Prussia. Since that time, save for the minor operations of the French in a little corner of Alsace, and the corner of East Prussia beyond the Angerapp, German territory had been free from invasion. But now, in the sixth month of a war which promised to be long and in which the issue was as yet in doubt, to take the most Germanophile view, the effect of a new invasion —the moral, not the military effect—might be considerable.

As to the military effect, East Prussia and the thin paring of West Prussia east of the Vistula make a salient cutting into Russian Poland for many miles. With Galicia, they form the upper and lower jaws between which Russian Poland is held. Until both salients were beaten down, the march to Berlin could not begin. But the Galician salient had been beaten down; if East Prussia and west to the Vistula could be occupied, the Russian line would run straight from the Baltic to the Carpathians, the flank and rear would be at last protected against any attack from Koenigsberg and Allenstein. On the other hand, the first line of German defense actually begins at the Vistula and runs along the river from Dantzig through Graudenz to Thorn, therefore the occupation of this territory would have no fatal or far-reaching military significance. Germany would lose some 20,000 square miles and an admirable offensive position, but her real loss would be in prestige; she would suffer from the moral effect.

At the same time another Russian force was sent west toward Thorn, on the north bank of the Vistula, thus striking at the other flank of the German army in East Prussia and threatening the railway line from Berlin to Koenigsberg. Together these two operations disclosed a deliberate and considerable effort to make Germany pay at home for her attempt to prevent Russian advance from Bukovina into Hungary. As the Hungarians had demanded that the Germans protect them from the Russians, it was now conceivable that the East Prussians, the Junker politicians whose estates were again threatened by the Cossacks, would clamor for the recall of German troops from Austria, from Belgium and from France, to protect Germany.

In January German resources had proved adequate to repulse British effort in Flanders, to break down a French offensive in Champagne and throw it across the Aisne, to hold fast in the Argonne and check the much advertised French foray into Alsace, to stop the Russians on the frontier of Transylvania, and to clear the western slopes of the Carpathians in Hungary. Was there still left sufficient fresh strength to defend East Prussia, or was there now to be revealed the first sign of the cracking of the German machine under the strain? This was the double question posed by the latest developments in the Eastern field.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Economic Statesmanship

THERE is at present no immediate possibility of a real peace in industry, for peace today would be a peace of submission. Until we have fundamentally altered our industrial arrangements, and above all, our attitude towards industry, a permanent peace is not desirable. Thousands of men work for a wage insufficient to support mere physical well-being, workmen seeking jobs are unable to find them, girls, toiling beyond their strength, starve on bread and tea in cold hall bedrooms; and so long as such conditions prevail, strikes, boycotts, and industrial unrest are desirable and class hatred is inevitable. But even while we suffer from an ignorance which encourages cupidity and exploitation, experiments are being conducted which may lead to a somewhat better state of industry. These experiments are valuable not so much for what they accomplish as for what they teach. They are experiments in provisional peace, in a truce which may be broken at will by either of the two high contracting parties.

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No one could have attended the recent gathering of the manufacturers and labor representatives in the cloak, suit and skirt industry of New York without realizing that here was one of these highly significant experiments. The feeling was tense, for an award was to be made by the Board of Arbitration, the supreme court of the industry, upon a matter of the gravest concern to both parties. But the meeting was friendly. The friendliness was due to four years of negotiation between the two parties. After the great strike of 1910, the manufacturers and workmen entered into a pact called the protocol, a constitution providing for the settlement of all problems arising in the trade by means of industrial courts representing employers and employees. During these years there has been friction and misunderstanding, but though either group might have ended the protocol at will, the protocol still exists. It exists because from year to year the two parties have learned to respect each other; because difficulties apparently insurmountable have again and again been surmounted.

The present question, which turned on the right of discharge, seemed difficult in the extreme. Some of the less scrupulous employers were accused of using the threat to discharge for the purpose of secretly undercutting wages, and the workmen contended that unless the employers surrendered this right the union could not be maintained. And the manufacturers would not surrender it. The question had been threshed out for months, and had recently been presented to the Board of Arbitration in able speeches by the attorneys on both sides.

As the members of the Board, headed by the chairman, Louis D. Brandeis, entered the room the suspense reached its highest point. One could read the strain in the sensitive face of the chairman, as in low tones he began to give the award. He went back to the early history of the protocol; he traced its origin and showed how, as a result of this instrument, the workmen temporarily gave up their right to strike in return for the right to representation in the industry. He appealed to the loyalty of both employers and employees to this great constitution of a trade in which two thousand employers and fifty thousand employees earned their living. He spoke of the purposes of the protocol: to maintain a high standard for the industry; to strengthen both the employers' association and the trade union; to secure fair treatment to the individual employee; and to prevent an employer from exercising his legal rights for the oppression of the worker. Finally, he said, the object of the protocol was to introduce into the relations between employers and employees an element of democracy.

As he continued in his grave discourse, weighing each word thoughtfully, one felt that this realistic leader of the Board was reaching out far beyond the immediate problem to some ultimate solution. Naturally he emphasized those interests which are common to both groups, as he also emphasized the necessity of each side taking a long view of the problem. But the immediate issue, the right of discharge, was not lost from view. The protocol, he said, did not change the legal relations between the parties, and the employer in the first instance retained the right to discharge. In view of the fact, however, that the union relinquished its right to strike, it should be protected by the protocol from abuses which a strike might remedy. Discharge should only be upon "reasonable grounds," and where in any case whatsoever a workman felt that he was discharged without good cause he should have the right of appeal to the Board of Immediate Action, a regularly constituted board of employers and employees with an impartial chairman, and in all such complaints no burden of proof should rest upon the aggrieved wage-earner.

The meaning of the award was clear. It sought to prevent discrimination and favoritism on the part of the employer while giving to him a certain measure of choice. It aimed at establishing a civil service in the industry, a greater security and continuity of labor, a fairer distribution of work, and the avoidance of unnecessary fluctuations in employment. It did not define what "reasonable" meant, for the factors which affect reasonableness are too innumerable and diverse. There should be no rigid code of what was reasonable, but the two parties should agree among themselves upon what was fair in certain groups of cases.

Had this been a mere judicial award, the arbitrator might here have ceased. But it is of the essence of economic statesmanship that one go beneath the immediate problem to the underlying conditions which give rise to disputes. What is important is not whether John Doe did or did not commit a crime, but how far crime can be averted in the future. The arbitrator therefore urged upon the immediate consideration of both parties the problems of price standardization, regularization of employment, control of the labor supply, apprenticeship, and the protocol label. It was clear that he was studying causes and not mere symptoms, and was working out plans for the future development of the trade. He regarded the industry as dynamic, as a living and growing thing. The time would come, said the arbitrator, when labor must employ capital instead of capital employing labor, when our whole industrial system will have been revolutionized from the bottom, and it is in the light of this vast gradual transition that immediate problems must be considered.

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In these days, when striking workmen are assassinated by opera-bouffe sheriffs, and great metropolitan journals warn us against the sinfulness of trade unionism, this experiment in the cloak, suit and skirt industry is worth bearing in mind. For the need of the age is economic statesmanship. We have our political statesmen, who lead us more or less wisely in the direction in which we push them, and we have worked out certain rules of that game so that we now live in a tolerable political accord and have made some approach to a rule of the majority. But we still find only the rudest beginnings of statesmanship in that powerful state that we call industry.

What Italy Thinks

IN discussing Italy's attitude toward the European war, emphasis has usually been laid upon manifestations of popular sentiment; in other words, on how Italy feels. Of course this is a matter of great importance, especially in a country like Italy, where public opinion is so deeply influenced by sentimental considerations. Nevertheless this is not the whole story. The Italian has a head as well as a heart. Not for nothing are Savonarola and Macchiavelli, Garibaldi and Cavour, held up as twin archetypes of Italian national psychology.

How Italy feels is plain enough. Broadly speaking, the popular heart beats frankly pro-Ally, strongly anti-Austrian and mildly anti-German. Beyond doubt these sentiments are neither so intense nor so widespread as the Allied press would have us believe, but even German and Austrian press comment admits them as a fact. But what does Italy think? This may be gauged only by the utterances of her statesmen and party leaders, the comment of her press, and the policy of her government.

It should first be noted how extremely complex is Italian political life. Italy does not possess our "two-party system," but is a land of many party units, these units falling into three or four general groupings which fix the laws of political life. In the first place Italy is and always has been governed by its middle classes. These divide along Conservative or Liberal lines into several groups, all supporting existing institutions though rarely able to combine on the same constructive platform. The dissenting minority naturally forms the "Constitutional" opposition, this opposition being either Conservative or Liberal as the government leans in the opposite direction. At the outbreak of the present war the Italian cabinet was Conservative in complexion, wherefore the Constitutional "Left" (the so-called "Radicals") were in opposition. Besides this Constitutional variable, every Italian cabinet must reckon with two fixed oppositions unconstitutional in character—irreconcilables, avowedly opposed to the existing order of things. These two enemies to the present régime sit at Italy's political antipodes; on the extreme right, the irreconcilable Clericals; on the extreme left, the revolutionary Republican, Socialist and Anarchist groups.

Although the opinions of the Moderate majority will have the greatest weight in determining the Italian government's attitude toward the European war, it may be easier to consider first the extremist parties, since these represent most violently those opposite opinions held by Moderates in milder form.

Turning first to the Clericals, we find them strongly pro-German and pro-Austrian. The staunch Catholicism of Austria and the religious attitude of Germany have long made the Italian Catholics firm supporters of the Triple Alliance. On the other hand, they detest the anti-Clerical government of France, and they dislike both heretic England and schismatic Russia. The Catholics do not yet play a very prominent part in Italian parliamentary life; the removal of the Papal *non-expedit* is still too recent to have permitted any effective mobilization of their latent voting strength. In the last elections they polled about 400,000 votes and got twenty-four seats in the Chamber of Deputies. However, the wealth and social prominence of their leaders give them far more importance than their mere voting strength would indicate. The Catholics clearly defined their attitude toward the war by their special party convention of September twenty-fourth, when a vigorous resolution calling for absolute neutrality was adopted by an overwhelming majority, while the tone of both their leaders and their press shows their personal predilection for the Teutonic Powers and their dislike of the Allies. During the last two months a number of prominent Belgian Catholics have been in Italy trying to change Clerical opinion, but their efforts have not produced noticeable results.

The attitude of the Revolutionary elements is more complicated. There are three main Revolutionary parties, the Republicans, the Socialists and the Anarchists. The Republicans, being not only anti-monarchial but anti-Clerical as well, are naturally fast friends of the modern French Republic, and this sentiment has made them ardent

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champions of Italian intervention against Austria and Germany. They have proved their faith by recruiting the Garibaldian legion which has done such good service in northern France. The Republicans are not a numerous party, having only sixteen seats in the present Chamber. They have long been overshadowed by the Socialist advance.

Italian Socialism is a truly formidable force. In the last elections it polled a million votes, and it possesses eighty seats in the present Chamber. It is, however, split into three factions, which are sharply divided on the subject of the war. The "Regular Socialists" (the majority faction), with fifty-four parliamentary seats and the chief Socialist newspapers, particularly the famous *Avanti* of Milan, uphold those anti-militarist doctrines so deeply rooted in Italy. On the other hand the second largest Socialist group, the so-called "Socialist Reformists," sympathize with the French Socialists and approve of the Allies' cause as a fight against "militarism." Whether they favor Italy's active intervention is, however, not certain. Their pacifist doctrines, theoretically as strong as those of the Regulars themselves, make it extremely difficult for them to echo the Republican cry for war. They appear to dodge the issue by their demand for "conditional" neutrality. Indeed, Regulars and Reformists seem to overlap somewhat, the most striking instance of this being the conversion of Signor Mussolini, director of the *Avanti,* to the Reformists' "conditional" neutrality. The Regulars, however, proved the faith that was in them by forcing Signor Mussolini's resignation and reaffirming their insistance on absolute neutrality.

As to the third Socialist faction, the "Syndicalists," a very small but ardent body, akin to our "I. W. W.," with three parliamentary seats, their position is peculiar. Although a recent offshoot of the Regulars, the Syndicalists favor war, "to overthrow militarism." Thus Italian Socialism's two opposing wings are joining hands, while the regular center upholds orthodox Socialist pacifism. Certainly a very complex situation. The Anarchist attitude on the war is obscure.

Before considering the position of the moderate groups, we may cast a glance at that latest phenomenon of Italian political life, the "Nationalists." The Nationalist party is only four years old and is as yet rather an officers' corps than an army, but this corps contains so many impassioned speakers and writers that the party has already made a considerable impression on public opinion. The Nationalists might call themselves "Pan-Italians," for they have adopted the extreme Pan-German maxim that wheresoever an Italian may be found, there, potentially, is Italy. Going far beyond the old "Irredentists," whose eyes were fixed exclusively on Trieste and Trentino, the Nationalists talk openly about "unredeemed" French Corsica, Nice and Tunis, English Malta, Swiss Ticino, and even the Italian "colonies" in the Levant and South America. During Italy's diplomatic flurry with France over the Carthage and Manouba incidents three years ago, the Nationalists were violently anti-French. At the outbreak of the present war they had a moment's hesitation, but soon came out squarely for war with Austria and the seizure of Trentino and Trieste, the classic ground of their "Irredentist" precursors.

Turning to the Moderate groups, we come first to the "Radicals," already noted as the present "Constitutional Opposition." A powerful party with seventy deputies in the Chamber, the Radicals are an important factor in Italian public opinion. Their attitude toward the war is what might be expected when we remember that, like the Republicans, they are anti-Clericals with strong sympathies for the present French régime. The Radicals have from the first been pro-Ally.

Finally, as to the great "Liberal" *bloc* which, with its three hundred-odd seats, controls the present Chamber and supports the Salandra cabinet. The Liberals represent in the broadest sense the Italian middle classes—shopkeepers, factory owners, independent farmers, business men, professional men, etc. These classes are keenly responsive to economic arguments, and most of those arguments make for peace. Despite her recent progress, Italy is still a poor country. The heavy costs of the Turkish war have been by no means liquidated, while the ugly stirrings of the impoverished lower classes last June gave the Moderates a genuine fright and still further indisposed them to foreign adventures. The beginning of the war found the Salandra cabinet pledged to a thoroughly cautious foreign policy. It is easy to see the force of the economic arguments against intervention. Not only will Italy grow steadily stronger by conserving her resources while her neighbors waste theirs, but after the war a neutral Italy, with unimpaired capital, untouched factories and intact working-staffs, will have a great advantage over the other European nations in the scramble for the disorganized markets of the world.

Nevertheless, as an "Administration party" the Liberals have maintained a non-committal attitude toward the war, their watchword being, "Leave it to the government." What this government intends to do no one can say, its attitude having been from the first one of studied reserve. Its extensive military preparations have heartened the war party, yet it has discouraged bellicose talk in the press, and it has sharply repressed chauvinist demonstrations. Premier Salandra's recent speech on

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following the dictates of "sacred egoism" is a truly Delphic utterance, interpreted by both war and peace partisans according to their respective predilections. Almost the only tangible manifestations of the government's policy are the cabinet changes. Shortly after the outbreak of the European struggle, General Grandi, Minister of War, was replaced by the present incumbent, General Zupelli. The former was supposed to have been a partisan of the Triple Alliance, while the new Minister was not only an avowed champion of increased armaments but was born near Trieste, thus representing "Italia Irredenta." Furthermore, this appointment soon involved the retirement of the Finance Minister, Signor Rubini, a pacifist who opposed the large military credits demanded by General Zupelli, and resigned when Premier Salandra backed the Minister of War. This was late in October. Both events pleased the partisans of intervention.

Whatever may be his ultimate purpose, Premier Salandra intends to rest his tenure of office on the broadest possible parliamentary base, a fact evidenced by his appointment of Signor Carcano, bosom friend of the powerful near-Radical Giolitti, "the Italian Clemenceau," famous as a parliamentary trouble-maker and upsetter of cabinets. The most important of recent cabinet changes is the appointment of Baron Sydney Sonnino to fill the seat left vacant by the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marquis di San Giuliano. This appointment caused considerable surprise, for Baron Sonnino has hitherto devoted himself to economics, as a student of which he possesses an international reputation. He is one of the most interesting figures in Italian political life—a cold, aristocratic "intellectual," with none of the politician's suave geniality. Habitually close-mouthed, he has never expressed himself strongly on questions of foreign policy, but his appointment has pleased the partisans of neutrality, who claim that one so profoundly aware of Italy's economic shortcomings and the industrial blessings of peace would be far less likely to favor intervention than would a professional diplomat with eyes fixed on the chess-board of international politics. However that may be, it is quite certain that he is not the man to yield either to popular clamor or to diplomatic bullying.

Such, broadly speaking, is the present state of organized Italian public opinion. Unquestionably there are violent minorities clamoring both for immediate war and for unconditional neutrality. Nevertheless those great Moderate forces which rule Italy have firm confidence in their government, and this government, backed by a disciplined parliamentary majority and led by such cool-headed chiefs as Salandra and Sonnino, may seemingly be trusted to avoid rash or premature decisions.

T. Lothrop Stoddard.

Barrett Wendell

IT is a truth universally admitted by educators that a man who knows his subject, and who knows how to force part of this knowledge upon his pupils, may yet fall short of the ideal. To attain the ideal he must appear, to the sharp eyes of childhood and youth, an embodiment of manly prosperity. Else his pupils may come to associate scholarship with worldly failure, and thus to hold learning in disesteem, healthily.

A misadventure in point befell me at a tender age. My people, perceiving that no Latin was taught in the public school I attended, and not sharing my belief that this dead language had been overestimated, sent me when I was ten or eleven to a tutor. Three times a week did I trudge up a long hill, in the afternoon, mind you, when other boys were playing, to breathe what I naturally mistook for a Latin air. A smell of meals past and future, an unhappy clamor of babies, a room with antimacassars and a horsehair sofa, a small, harassed, spectacled man whose accent did the English language some wrong, and who wore detachable cuffs—if such be the results of Latin, I said to myself, why on earth should I learn it? At eleven one looks forward to prosperity, to the simple, costly pleasures of the innocent rich.

Almost thirty years have disappeared since I first saw Mr. Barrett Wendell, yet I well remember that earliest reassuring sight of him, and how at once I contrasted him with my Latin tutor, wholly to the tutor's disadvantage. Here at last was a teacher whose outside learning had not disfigured, a brisk, shrewd-twinkling man with a brisk, shrewd-twinkling after-dinner manner, entertaining us with illustrative anecdotes conceived and executed by an after-dinner mind, a mind and a manner which kept open his line of communications between special knowledge and social standards, social backgrounds. How we thanked him in our hearts, some of us, for thus demonstrating that scholarship, instead of being necessarily a shy rustic or a baggy-kneed suburbanite, might belong to the straitest sect of the urbane.

The sky of our gratitude was not always clear. It was clouded now and then by a suspicion that this sort of thing was too good to last. Some day, surely, the mask would slip, some day we should see the disfigured face of the specialist. The day was put off. The mask never was. It wasn't a mask, but a genuine face in which we read a man-of-the-world strictness and a man-of-the-world tolerance; no blindness to the difference between preaching and practice; belief that a man might be a gentleman and still do things occa-

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sionally which no gentleman would preach; belief that the really inferior thing was to defend these lapses on principle, at length, in a loud voice. All this without the pathetic parade of the professor who labors to appear more worldly than life, all things done simply and naturally by a man quite certain of his worldly touch. Mr. Wendell's worldliness, instead of seeming to aspire to the worldliness of his students, now and then stooped to theirs, and glared with brisk benignity.

Quite as certain was his touch when he expounded the art of writing, or when he judged the mighty and mediocre dead. He encouraged us by making writing and appreciative reading seem like learnable things. Thoroughly persuaded that his own literary work was secondary and would never be anything else, he managed to persuade us that what he knew about writing we could know if we would but take the pains. As for the appreciation of literature, that was in the reach of any gentleman who would read enough of the right books attentively. How great a difference here from the unwelcoming scholar who sits in the citadel of his subject, girds it with trenches and barbed wire, and dares the student to take it by siege or storm.

We too could learn, we too could keep ourselves unspotted by learning—our gratitude to Mr. Wendell for treating these propositions as truths was abetted by gratitude for the unflagging kindness he gave so impartially to all of us who were really trying to learn, gave even to the dullest of us, even to the most ill at ease, even to the least sophisticated. No distinction did his kindness make between the unfinished youth and the unfinishable, between the young Harvard man and the young man at Harvard. At the moment when his impartiality could be of service he lumped us all together.

This was as it should have been, no doubt, but not on that account the less remarkable. For the distinction between gentlemen and the unsophisticated others has always, I imagine, been of some importance to Mr. Wendell. A few of us began at length to wonder whether the distinction might not have been felt too strongly, so strongly as to be doing Barrett Wendell, critic of literature, harm. A mind which spontaneously sees, wherever its eyes are turned, rusticity, provinciality or their opposites, is likely to miss some of the other qualities which define an author. It is well to achieve a light dinner-table manner of passing judgment, but you pay high for your achievement if it tempts you to consider, almost as often as an author comes to be sentenced, whether he could be asked to dinner. In their application to Mr. Wendell's case these remarks are an unwilful exaggeration. But the kind of exaggeration a man provokes may tell you something about him, and I know I used to catch myself asking whether Mr. Wendell didn't incline a little to that view of the world which had been mine in childhood when I sought to classify my Latin tutor by recording his detachable cuffs.

Among readers of Mr. Wendell's books his preoccupation with social standards, with sophistication, has done him disservice. It is easily mistaken for an attitude of patronage toward persons whose preoccupations are different. To a suspicion that such is his attitude we may attribute the irritation caused in many readers by "A Literary History of America," and chiefly among readers who have never read American literature through. No one but Mr. Wendell has ever done this, so far as I know, and much should be forgiven one who has suffered so much. But the world is unforgiving, and men and women who had rather give up meals than read the whole of Longfellow accuse Mr. Wendell of condescendingly uncovering the nakedness of our literary fathers. The world is also unfair, for in this same book, just after artistic conscience has been defined as "a constant, strenuous impulse toward beauty of expression," you find this statement: "In America this latter trait has generally seemed more frequent than in England." If the "Literary History of America" is to be deemed one long sin of Ham committed without Ham's excuse, which was curiosity, the patriotic sentence I have quoted may serve as fig-leaf, a rather loud fig-leaf, perhaps, yet a token of good will.

General statements, about literature or about other things, are not Mr. Wendell's strongest point. Sometimes his besetting preoccupation leads him wrong, sometimes an ampler insensitiveness. He does not overvalue his own perspicacity, but he does overvalue the adequacy of his class to the task of seeing and judging. He does not always realize what it is precisely that his imperfect sympathies expose him to. No matter what he may write in the future, the classic instance of his imperfect sympathy will always remain his lecture on "The Privileged Classes." Its inspiration was the repeated sight of a man in a street car, seated so as to occupy two places, his legs wide apart, unmoved by the presence of strap-hangers. "What made this man's aspect grotesque meanwhile," says Mr. Wendell, "was the fact that between his widely parted knees you could generally discern a tin dinner-pail." Member of a class which desires to abolish privilege, this man was claiming the privilege of occupying twice the nickel's worth of space he had paid for. So Mr. Wendell saw him, not caring to see that

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it wasn't working-class privilege which condemned this man, who was getting for a nickel so much sitting-room, to give so much life for so few nickels. The lecture proceeds to the incidence of direct taxes, to the "principle that the poorer you are the less you need feel the weight of any public burden. If you are poor enough you need not feel it at all. If this be not class privilege, I for one have no conception of what class privilege ever was or ever can be." This triumphing might seem callous or at least thoughtless to some readers—to a workingman, say, who believes other people's privilege keeps him too poor to pay direct taxes, and who would gladly be rich enough to pay them.

Not by reading his books can you do Mr. Wendell justice. As a writer he expresses only a part of himself. Through his clear, neat style you see his tight, neat mind, his habit of generalizing too easily and too neatly, his busy, vivacious, inflexible temperament, that range of sympathies which enables him to see things through a class, darkly. What you don't see is the unpatronizing kindness he gives to all his ambitious pupils, the pains he takes with boys who would have written worse, all their lives, but for his teaching. P. L.

Causes of Crises

RHYTHMIC alterations of prosperity and depression have characterized our economic life for a century and more. After a period of cautious activity a spirit of buoyancy falls upon the business community. Enterprise becomes increasingly vigorous; established businesses thrive and new ventures are launched; employment is general and wages rise. The infection extends beyond the field of business; we revolve projects of political regeneration and social justice; even the arts begin to dream of renascence. Suddenly we seem to perceive a change on the face of the economic world; whether it is illusion or reality we cannot at first say. The financial journals continue to assert that industry was never sounder, and attempt to explain away sporadic instances of slackening activity. But prices decline; bankruptcies become more numerous; a problem of unemployment arises to vex us; a political reaction supervenes and with it an atonic condition of all generous endeavor. We find ourselves in the midst of a crisis.

At the present moment there is a film over the sun; is it an omen of approaching depression, or merely the drifting smoke of distant battles? We do not know; but what we do know with certainty is that at some time in the next decade furnaces will blow out and factories will nail up their doors; the unemployed will descend upon us like locusts upon a pitiless shore; the people will cry out against the monopolists, and the financiers will rage against the demagogues. But of the cause of it all we know nothing.

Not that we lack theories—some of them extremely ingenious—setting forth the causes and conditions of the crisis. Most of these, unfortunately, are vitiated by a propagandist purpose. Just as the practical politician ascribes depression to the tariff or the financial policy of his political opponents, so the economist is apt to find the cause of crises in economic and social conditions of which he disapproves on general grounds. Rodbertus, a profound theorist of socialistic bias, taught that the explanation of the crisis lay in the fact that with technical progress the laborer receives a diminishing share in the product of his labor; hence there remains in the hands of the employer a plethora of products from which relief is to be had only through the violent readjustments of a crisis. The cause of crises according to Hobson is an overproduction of capital inherent in the existing economic system; according to Veblen, it is the overextension of credit, also inherent in the existing system.

On the other hand, theorists who approve of the existing order on general grounds are disposed to assign a separate cause to each crisis, or to abandon the search for causes altogether, contenting themselves with a mere chronicling of the events making up the characteristic cycle. Of the outstanding fact of periodicity of crises we have hitherto had no satisfactory explanation. Nor have we had—what is practically more vital—any means of forecasting the course of economic change.

Accordingly we may regard as an event of great practical as well as of scientific importance the appearance of a new book on "Economic Cycles: Their Law and Cause," by Professor H. L. Moore of Columbia University (Macmillan). Professor Moore is known among scholars as one of the keenest and most cautious of investigators; hence his mere assertion that he has discovered the law and cause of economic cycles commands attention. His novel methods of investigation constitute an additional claim upon our interest; the problem of the crisis has never yet been approached in precisely this way.

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Professor Moore is among the few economists who possess the training and the inclination to apply the newer mathematics to the analysis of economic facts. How these innovators are regarded by their fellows in the craft is best illustrated by an analogy. When the early astronomers turned their faces from the skies and began to occupy themselves with circles and angles and cabalistic signs, deep was the disapproval of the fashionable astrologers. For, declared the latter, the way to understand the stars is to gaze directly at them the whole clear night through. What could angles and circles and curious calculations have to do with the stars? And if a remote connection could be established, how make the results intelligible to star-struck kings? And finally, what bearing could such refined method have upon the practical work of casting horoscopes?

For a generation or more, students of meteorology have occupied themselves with cyclical variations in climate; and these variations, affecting as they must the production of agricultural staples, have an obvious bearing upon economic conditions. The English economist Jevons even imputed crises to this cause, but his further assumption that sun-spots cause the variations in climate robbed his theory of the essential quality of inspiring respect. A sun-spot theory of commercial failures is suggestive of British humor. Professor Moore has attacked the climate problem anew with his improved mathematical tools, and shows that so far as rainfall is concerned—the most important element—the climate of our Middle Western agricultural territory is characterized by great cycles of about thirty-three years, and by lesser cycles of approximately eight years. An analysis of crop statistics shows that the yield per acre of staple crops correlates very closely with the rainfall cycles thus established. Agricultural prices are high in lean years and low in fat ones; nevertheless, the price variations are inadequate to counterbalance the variations in yield. Accordingly the purchasing power exerted by agriculture varies in cycles that are identical with the rainfall cycles. Thus agricultural prosperity and depression are already explained.

Next, as to the effect on industry. Professor Moore analyzes the statistics of pig-iron production—the "barometer of business"—and finds that with due allowance for the secular upward trend in production, the figures reveal cycles corresponding with the rainfall cycles, but lagging after by an interval of about two years. Finally a study of general prices—the indicia of prosperity and of depression—brings to light corresponding cycles, with a lag, however, of about four years. Thus is established the dependence of all the complex phenomena of economic cycles upon the simple underlying phenomenon of the meteorological cycle.

It would be too much to expect that what is essentially a pioneer study should prove capable of immediate practical application, although minor applications do indeed suggest themselves. It will require the combined efforts of many skilful investigators to reduce the great multiplicity of meteorological data to a form sufficiently precise to serve as a basis for prediction, even of agricultural production for a given season. Still more work will be required to determine the cumulative effect upon general well-being of the succession of good or bad crops. Furthermore, a series of studies of non-agricultural conditions will be needed to explain the interval between the cycle of agricultural production and the business cycle. There appears to be ground for the inference that this lag is not uniform from period to period; it is of great practical importance to determine the causes of such variation. All these problems will have to be cleared up before we can speak of the problem of the crisis as solved.

The supreme value of the new method applied by Professor Moore consists in the fact that its results are cumulative. Down to the present, each student has been forced to work through the problem from the fundamental premises, as in metaphysics; hence progress has been negligible. The mathematical method crystallizes its results in formulae which can be used as reliable instruments in subsequent investigations.

Assume, however, that the whole field has been worked over, and the relation between meteorological and economic cycles irrefutably established—what of the practical implications? We shall never escape crises through improvements in our fiscal or financial policies, nor even through reorganization of the state according to socialistic plans. It may be said that prior to modern capitalism there were no commercial cycles, and that they must disappear if ever the existing system gives way to one of social cooperation. Cycles of prosperity and depression are indeed characteristic of the present system; but cycles of hunger and fat living have existed since the beginning and will continue to exist. The capitalistic system gives to the cycle a pecuniary expression, nothing more.

But if we cannot remove the causes of cyclical variations, we can adjust ourselves to these variations, once the underlying forces are adequately charted. Professor Moore's study indicates that after the foundations of prosperity have begun to fall away, we proceed unconcernedly to extend

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credit, to initiate promoting ventures, to hoist up the price level, for a space of about four years. Then we cave in. Should we be caught in this way if we had a corps of experts to make visible to us the actual contours of the foundations upon which we suppose we are resting? Again, just as the private speculator finds himself quite unprepared for the emergency of a crisis, so does the public authority. If restriction of private industry were known to be inevitable four years in advance, we should find it hard to excuse a government that failed to concentrate its own undertakings in such a way as to increase public employment when private employment diminishes. Finally, if we knew in advance when hard times were due, we might be spared the waste of social and political energy entailed by radical and reactionary movements that are nothing but blind protests against the inevitable.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Death of the Hired Man

MARY sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table,
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tiptoe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to, soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education—you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay——"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,

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And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us, you think,
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it, though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

ROBERT FROST.

A COMMUNICATION

Tsingtau and After

SIR: "China pays" is a commonplace in the treaty ports of the East. Whatever the international controversy or whoever the protagonists, it seems inevitable that in some way, directly or indirectly, China should be forced to foot the bill. The clash between Germany and Japan with her British allies and the surrender of Tsingtau has apparently proved no exception to the rule. Press dispatches intimate that Japan with the close of the year has cast up her ledger and presented her reckoning to the Peking Government. There are vague references to demands for the transfer of all the German and Austrian concessions in China, and for other privileges the nature of which is not clearly specified. In China there is some uneasiness, and in this country considerable apprehension has been expressed as to the effect of Japan's action on the "open door."

It is not improbable that Japan may wish to exchange Tsingtau, under certain conditions, for the recognition of the permanence of her present position in Manchuria. Until the exact nature of these alleged demands is known, speculation as to their significance would be unprofitable. It is not surprising, however, that Japan should have desired at this time to make a record to which she may subsequently refer.

Piedmont, under the guidance of Cavour, by reason of her participation in the Crimean War was recognized in the councils of Europe and enabled to lay the foundations for the unification of Italy. So Japan, by entering the present struggle, has won a place as one of the principals in the negotiations which will follow the present war. This general post-bellum settlement must include a readjustment of the interests of the Powers in China, and whatever else may be accomplished, it would seem almost inevitable that these discussions will assure to Japan the political supremacy in Eastern Asia.

This probability will be regarded in certain quarters with no little apprehension. As we are the traditional, though unfortunately rhetorical and sentimental rather

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than practical friends of China, some of our fellow citizens will be agitated by this menace to Chinese independence. Our diplomacy, thanks largely to their ignorance and good intentions, has been deprived of the means effectively to assert our position on China's behalf. Some may feel that the United States should protest because we are sponsors for the doctrine of the "open door." Others will urge our interference because they may believe that the prospects for American trade are prejudiced by the growth of Japanese influence.

A careful analysis of the present situation in the light of the history of recent international relations in the Far East would seem to show, however, that the situation now developing may be of decided advantage to all concerned.

From a purely domestic point of view, an increasing Japanese preoccupation in China is bound to relieve in no small degree the embarrassment we have found in dealing with an active Japanese question in California. The removal of the Japanese bogy with which we have been threatened from time to time would in itself be decidedly beneficial. This does not, however, affect the issue as far as our interests in the East are concerned.

The independence of China since the joint intervention of the Powers in 1900 has been due not to the inherent strength of the Chinese Government nor to the substantial and admirable qualities of the Chinese people, but to the balance of conflicting international interests. German trade with China will doubtless be revived after the war, but any powerful German political influence has been eliminated for some years to come. Japan's allies, Russia, England and France, must, upon the conclusion of this war, devote themselves to reconstruction. They will probably not be inclined, even if able, to question Japan's political supremacy. Their recognition thereof, however, will be granted, if at all, only in return for guarantees for the equality of commercial opportunity in China, and upon Japan's assumption of responsibility for the maintenance of stable conditions in the East. The equilibrium in China under such conditions would be preserved not by the interaction of national ambitions, but by the direction of a responsible agency.

This we might with more reason deplore if China were in any way prepared for democratic institutions or a republican form of government, as some of our sentimentalists have asserted. As a matter of fact, with the exception of a very few patriotic men who have been willing to sacrifice themselves for their country's cause, the vehement champions of the Republic have sought the spoils of office rather than attempted to insure political progress. The Republic held up to the world as evidencing the regeneration of the East has proved, as was bound to be the case, a dismal failure. The autocracy of the Manchus has been replaced by the autocracy of a group of Chinese, most of whom held office under the Manchu Government, and who, in changing the form, have to no appreciable extent removed the evils which have always characterized their government. The condition of the people as a whole has not been improved. China as a progressive state has been tried and found wanting. She is incapable of developing herself. Her history is a record of foreign conquests, and in the last thousand years there has been only one Chinese dynasty whose authority was recognized throughout the "Eighteen Provinces." Were it possible for China to exclude the modern world, her people perhaps would be more happy than they are destined to be under present conditions. Such isolation is impossible. Commercialism and industrialism may be hard masters, but we are dealing in these days not with theories but with facts. Chinese have prospered in Penang, Singapore and Hongkong, and in other parts of the world where they have lived under a strong government. They have invariably been the beneficiaries of stable political conditions which they themselves have been unable to establish. It is far better for China and for the world at large that there should be a responsible and effective direction of her affairs. That direction Japan will be able to give.

There are those who will point to Japan's record in Korea and Manchuria to prove that she will, if granted increasing influence, disregard her categorical declarations as to the maintenance of the commercial "open door." While there were doubtless cases of interference by Japan with the trade of other nations in Manchuria and Korea during the years immediately following the Russo-Japanese War, Japan's subsequent record is one that cannot be lightly questioned. The development of the foreign trade of China will be to her distinct advantage. It would be unjust as well as unwise not to accept her recent declarations at their face value. But even granted that Japan should wish to evade both their letter and their spirit, she would in doing so be liable to lose the financial support which she must obtain if she is to realize to the full the benefit of her dominant position. A calculated expediency as well as good faith, which to the cynic is nothing more than enlightened self-interest, must lead Japan to show the utmost consideration for the rights of those with whom it is so obviously to her advantage to cooperate.

The fact of Japanese dominance in China, therefore, is not in itself to be regarded with apprehension. Its effects will be beneficial to China and to the great trading nations, if Japan is wise in her hour of triumph. The high quality of her statesmanship would seem to warrant the assumption that she will be; that she will not only profit by her opportunities, but fulfill her obligations with scrupulous care.

A Friend of China.

CORRESPONDENCE

On the Sale of Ammunition

SIR: The reading of your first editorial in the issue of January ninth has again brought to my mind a point that I have considered over and over again of late, that is, why those who believe in discontinuing the sale of ammunition to foreign countries and do believe in maintaining our present neutrality cannot agree upon a future date after which time it may be made unlawful to sell ammunition to any foreign power. Are there not many who agree with you that now is an improper time to enforce such a measure, who would agree that it is a very proper thing to do at a date after the close of the present war?

Irving Squire.

New York City.

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Misses' Goods

Marie-Odile, a new play in three acts, by Edward Knoblauch. Presented at the Belasco Theatre, New York. January 28, 1915.

ON going home after "Marie-Odile" I purchased, as is the custom, a public print, and in that print I came upon an interview with the actress of the evening, Miss Frances Starr. Wishing to learn that charming lady's views on "Marie-Odile" I perused the column with avidity up to her own opening words, "At last I can unqualifiedly announce that I am satisfied." Partly in joy that at last someone was satisfied and partly in conceit with my own humor I laughed loudly in the smoking-car, whereat the company gaped at me so generally that I became confused and, in the midst of my embarrassment, descended at the wrong station. By this mistake I was seriously incommoded. It was a detestable night, the streets swimming in rain and sleet, the avenue to my abode leading into the bowels of darkness. Had I been an amphibian animal all would have been well, but, alas, I was made for dry earth, a very cat as to wetness. I arrived at my domicile out of sorts with the world, and took to my lonely bed in a gloom that obliterated everything of "Marie-Odile" except its falsities and faults. I can still laugh over Miss Starr's satisfaction, but it is the hollow laugh of a man embittered by hardship and distress.

But even if I had swept home in my limousine, depreciating the stupid pedestrians who strove to fling themselves under my wheels, I do not believe I could have relished "Marie-Odile." At seventeen, perhaps, or sixteen, but not now. For now there are forms of insincerity, forms as dear to Mr. Belasco as the colored isles in his ceiling, that no longer seem permissible, and in these insincerities "Marie-Odile" abounds.

The first point about "Marie-Odile" is that it is far less a drama than a medium planned for the exploitation of the charms of Miss Starr. From Miss Starr's standpoint, this is not entirely reprehensible. "Only those in my own profession—those who, like myself, have a clear, conscious understanding of what is best suited to them yet obliged for lack of the ideal to subjugate ambition—only those can fully appreciate my thankfulness for this play of Mr. Knoblauch's." To get the full savor of this gratitude, to understand Miss Starr's idea of what is best suited to her, to appreciate her ideal and the relief it must afford to her previously subjugated ambition, one should actually see "Marie-Odile." But there are elements that make for Miss Starr's unqualified satisfaction which can be valued by people who shall never see the play.

That Miss Starr should be kept on the stage practically without intermission from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof is not in itself a monstrosity, but the methods by which this ideal are achieved are so preposterous as to amount almost to genius. The sole setting in "Marie-Odile" is the beautifully devised Gothic refectory of a convent in Alsace, and Miss Starr plays the part of a novice or lay-sister in this establishment of feminine sanctity. It is her business to clean the windows and to sweep the floor and polish up the handle of the big front door. On the apparent theory that you cannot have too much of a good thing, Marie-Odile is on the job from morn till night. She draws real water from the pump outside the door. She tolls the angelus bell by the pump. She feeds the real pigeons that perch outside the door. She serves several meals. She tends the little light before the statue, she dusts all the furniture with monkey-like agility, she peels potatoes at the refectory table, she makes baby linen at the table later on. Some of this action is, indeed, required by the drama, and no one can fail to marvel at the success with which the Alsatian nunnery is imagined. But much of Miss Starr's activity has been contrived so that a favorite actress might be kept before our eyes; and no matter where her springy little steps carry her, a special light illumines for our benefit her smiling innocent face. It is the most flagrant effort that Mr. Belasco has ever made to utilize drama for the purpose of exploiting a personality. That an ambitious actress should rejoice in such exploitation shows how the worm of popularity may feed on a damask cheek. I do not wonder that the gentleman in front of me fell into audible slumber.

The next point about "Marie-Odile" is its tendency to prettification. Although Mr. Knoblauch is the first dramatist to avail himself of the war, it is skilful of him not to bottle the bloody vintage of 1914 but to produce a refined vintage of 1870, with the Uhlans in historic blue. So far, his discretion is excellent, and there is an admirable act in which the Uhlans invade the convent and Marie-Odile, the solitary remaining occupant, meets them and entertains them in sheer innocence. There is a sequel, however, that has nothing to recommend it but audacity. The scene between Marie-Odile and the young German corporal is acted with much taste by Miss Starr and Mr. Jerome Patrick, excellently assisted by the bluff sergeant of Mr. Henry Vogel and the carnal Uhlan of Mr. Alphonse Ethier. It is only when Marie-Odile is discovered in the empty convent a year later with the baby that is born of her ecstatic yielding to the corporal that the prettification becomes worse than absurd. The love scene is tenable, and shows Mr. Knoblauch sensitive, imaginative and sweet; and everyone in the audience accepted his idyl as it should be accepted, in the spirit that Miss Starr sustained. But to make of child-birth an idyl is merely to defer to the tenets of the earlier Ladies' Home Journal. It probably pleases Mr. Knoblauch, Mr. Belasco and Miss Starr, the co-defendants in this piece of theatricality, to think that Marie-Odile's reminiscence is successful, and to believe the last act is a triumph of poesy, the investiture of the virginal Marie-Odile with the final evidences of an innocence all complete. Personally, I cannot refute such an idyl at first-hand. But "Marie-Odile" passed into the region of sickly best-sellers when its heroine prattled in the last act over the cradle that ensconced her doll. There were several hundreds of mothers in the audience who must have smiled indulgently at Marie-Odile's sketch of her experience of pregnancy. It was an attempt to bring into the region of prettiness and favor an experience that is neither pretty nor favored. Such an aspiration spoke well for Mr. Knoblauch's faith in Miss Starr's glamor, but not even Miss Starr's glamor could carry off this idyl, especially after the trickiness of the second act, when the gardener is forcibly restrained by the dramatist from telling Marie-Odile to escape. But what cares Mr. Knoblauch? He gives us a chance to sentimentalize.

The severity of the Mother Superior, imaginatively conveyed, creates sympathy for Marie-Odile at the outset. An access of that same sympathy is forthcoming when the nuns return and Marie-Odile is driven out with her baby in her arms. As a termination this is, of course, dramatically inadequate. But Mr. Knoblauch is not serious in his art. "Marie-Odile" is in a class with that emotional fiction which, like "The Rosary," is invented for persons who want an escape from life. It is an imposture, not a true imaginative appeal.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

HAVING heard how melancholy my old friend was growing, and how averse from seeing people, I was graciously pleased to look him up. The sight of my face would brighten him, no doubt. Anyway, even if he didn't like seeing me, he would like my wanting to see him. Besides, I had composed a little speech, directed against his anchoretic habits, and didn't care to waste it. "Look here," I said, after allowing him time to master his surprise and annoyance, "this will never do. What you need is to get out and rub up against the real world. Here you sit, day after day, never exchanging a syllable with anyone except your housekeeper, surrounded by books. Your days among the dead are past. Now, whilst"—I never dare to say "whilst" in print, but in talk people mostly don't notice, and I can often get away with it—"whilst my love of letters is notorious, I am profoundly convinced that literature is not life." "No," he answered, "this book is literature. Your talk is life. I can put literature down before I've finished it. I can't put life down until you've finished. Literature leaves me free. Life imposes your will upon mine.—Must you go?" "I hadn't thought of going," I replied, not without dignity. "Here you sit reading, day after day, reading nothing but words, experiencing nothing, not really living. You take life too superficially. You—look here, you're not listening. Why, I believe I'm boring you, confound you . . .!"

"Not boring, exactly. Boring is a word that's fast losing its color." My old friend's tone failed to please. "Do you really think," he went on, "that reading is not a form of experience? Surely that depends on the reader's capacity to forget himself. Listen to this: "Für die aber, die jemals hundert Seiten von Dostojewski *gelebt* haben oder *gelebt* die Gestalt der Ottilie in den Wahlverwandschaften oder *gelebt* ein Gedicht von Goethe oder ein Gedicht von Stefan George, für die sage ich nichts Befremdliches, venn ich ihnen von diesem Erlebnis spreche als von dem religiösen Erlebnis dem einzigen religiösen Erlebnis vielleicht, das ihnen je bewusst geworden ist." He put the book down, and said: "The italics are mine." "And whose is the rest of it?" I asked. "Hofmannsthal. You didn't know he wrote prose, too? No? Well, that's another thing books will teach you better than life can. Your life, I mean. By the way, do you live your trip in the subway, or your dinner, or even your bath as intensely as Hofmannsthal lives his poem by Goethe or his poem by Stefan George? You've read Stefan George?" "George," I repeated, hoping to gain time, and vaguely adding, "Oh, George! Of course, of course." "Neither have I," said my old friend.

He was silent for almost a moment. "Besides"—he nearly always says "besides" when he is about to repeat himself—"literature is only life heightened and purged. Take Mother Jones and young Mr. Rockefeller. She used to call him names. He used—not to call her names, exactly, but to think of her in such terms as a religious upbringing left at his disposal. They meet, and the result is a better understanding. She now says—" "Hold on there," I broke in. "Literature would have ruined the incident. Literature would have made her young. It would have caught Mr. Rockefeller unmarried. Heart yearning heartwards across the social chasm. Epithalamium. Orange blossoms." "Nonsense," he answered, "Literature would merely leave out a lot of matter that blurs the incident's essential lines. It would give Mother Jones a more concentrated and passionate speech. Even now, even in the newspapers, her talk is quite tolerable. Listen to this: 'I come from a distant place, Mr. Rockefeller, a windy corner of high distant hills.'" "Tolerable!" I exclaimed. "That's not tolerable, you duffer. It's good, no end good. I don't see how literature could better it." He looked triumphant. "Literature has 'bettered it.' The phrase isn't Mother Jones's. All that you like in it is stolen straight from Synge. I was afraid you'd recognize it, for even you must read something."

"Life," my old friend went on, warming up to his warmed-over subject, "is poor in speech. Listen to the sentence-beginnings you hear all round you—what occurred to me is this . . . about that other matter . . . . I'll never forget that night at the Thompson's, when . . . That's life, which you're always talking about, and it's not near so good as literature." "But wait a minute," I objected. "I could make literature look just as palely featureless if I served it up in the form of sentence-beginnings. Be fair." "Well," he admitted, "you may be right. But let me give you a whole conversation I overheard a few weeks ago, an argument in a barber shop. You'll forgive my extraordinary verbal memory, won't you? The barbers are talking." And he recited the following, as if he were reading aloud a play:

> Emil. It was a year ago you came home, wasn't it, Charley?
> Charley. A year ago to-day.
> Emil. No, to-morrow.
> Charley. It was to-day
> Emil. But it was Tuesday.
> Charley (shaken by the force of this argument). So it was. (Suddenly reassured) But it was Christmas Eve.
> Emil. Don't you remember—twelve or half-past—I was just going home to dinner?
> Charley (in triumph). But you didn't go home to dinner that day. (Appealing to the boss barber) Did he?
> The Boss (with an air of finality). No, Emil. You went across the street and got lunch.
> Emil (convinced by this argument, reluctantly throwing up his case). And I'd have sworn it was a Tuesday.

"And that," said my old friend, "is how people talk in real life." "I wish they did," I rejoined, having grown tired of answering and replying. "I like your dialogue. Its reasoning is so satisfactory." "But, man alive," he exclaimed—for when excited he acquires a different, louder voice, a train announcer's voice, a Grand Centralto, as I mean to tell him some day, when I can bring it in naturally—"but, man alive, this dialogue's a million miles below what literature does with such reasoners. Look at Mrs. Quickly. Look at—" But I really couldn't let him finish. "Yes, yes, I know," I said hastily. "Juliet's nurse. See Coleridge. That sort of thing." "As I was about to prove when you interrupted me," he proceeded, "the real difference between life and literature is that literature is better written and shorter. After you have gone I shall turn with relief from life to literature. I shall read. Journalists never read. Neither do college professors. Nobody can whose business compels him to survey a wide field. The only way to read is intensively. And the worst way is to compare what you're in the act of reading with something you once read. Leisure is essential. Idleness helps. The perfect reader never does anything else." "Except," "I suggested, "to talk about it."

P. L.

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The Real Fabre

JEAN-HENRI FABRE had the aspect, as he long had the primitive vigor, of the tough old peasants whom all travellers in Provençe have met on the powdery highroads between Orange and the Mediterranean, marching straight through the glare and the mistral, their black felt hats pulled low over their brown wrinkled faces. Since Fabre has become a "popular" writer, the illustrated papers have made us all familiar with the typical broad-brimmed hat and furrowed parchment face, but they generally show the old naturalist bent in approved biological attitude over a microscope. Nothing could be more misleading. Fabre's real laboratory was the fields, and his books bristle with denunciations of the "torture-chamber or dissecting room" of the modern man of science who "rips up the animal" in order "to pry into death." Life was his province, and he made his researches "under a blue sky," as he says, "to the song of the cicadas." He and his work belong to the open Provençal country; to dusty roadsides yellow with broom, to red-soiled vineyards and olive-orchards, still more to the sharp blanched hills that stand above them. The very breath of these arid slopes, seasoned by the violent sunlight and pungent with lavender and thyme, rises from the pages of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques."

Fabre had to get truth, as artists do, by direct contact with reality—through his senses, his feelings, or by hard travail of the mind. Museums, libraries, dusty scholarship, all the long accumulations of other men's learning were instinctively repugnant to him. Yet his prejudice against the works and ways of the educated might not have grown so bitter or his passion for rustic solitude so intense had he not, from his youth till well past his prime, been shut up within the mediaeval walls of Avignon. In the narrow academic circle where fate cast his lines as a teacher of mathematics, natural history was still an unknown and an uncouth subject. Indeed, seventy years ago no manifestation of the new scientific spirit was encouraged under the Palace of the Popes; and though Fabre's peculiar genius for insect observation received its impulse early, though his studies of paralyzing wasps, as well as his experiments in industrial chemistry, were recognized in the larger world of Paris, it cost him "forty years of desperate struggle" to win freedom for his slow and delicate studies.

But he was one of those whom adversity braces; a rebel, a stoic, a free-lance, a genuine pioneer. His whole history, as one gets it from his Boswellian "disciple," Dr. Legros, or better, from his own spontaneous autobiographical chapters, shows his ability to blast his way through obstacles that put our age of easy opportunity to shame. Turned out of Avignon at last for trying to teach the elements of science to women, he hit upon the then equally radical plan of writing them down for children; and it was "Uncle Paul's" familiar discourses, probably the first and best of their kind, that enabled him at last to return to the lost village and the wild garden at the foot of Mt. Ventoux which every reader of his knows by heart.

Nobody would dream that Fabre's radiant description of his harmas, his "laboratory of living entomology," overgrown with herbs and thistles and swarming with all the insect tribes, was written by a man of sixty. It is almost as full of hope and hot Southern sun as the early works of the Provençal poets, and heralds a glorious burst of creative activity. At last he could live behind high walls with the strange creatures he loved and understood, remote from all human society save that of his family and a few old peasants and shepherds wise in country lore. He could go off for whole days on the hills to watch the dung-beetle rolling his foot-ball, and the tarantula holding her wallet of eggs to the sun; await for hours the return of a wasp to an infinitesimal hole in the sand; rejoice over a donkey's hoof-print in the clay, turned by a shower into "an aquarium worth the finest inventions of the laboratories." Truth in observational science is a patient accumulation, and the first of the series of "Souvenirs Entomologiques," published just before Fabre's retirement to Sérignan, stands for a whole lifetime of half holidays. Almost a miracle it seems that through years that bring the weakening of human faculties, he could have produced the nine other volumes which established his unique place as a naturalist.

It was Darwin who first called Fabre "that inimitable observer." But Fabre, with characteristic independence, took issue with him on the question of evolution. The central point of Fabre's interest in the insect world is instinct—"the insect's genius," he calls it—and many of his most fascinating chapters deal with experiments for establishing its limits in insects of great apparent intelligence like wasps and bees and spiders. His conclusion is that the activities of the insect follow each other, like the hands of a clock, in a fixed path of unreasoning necessity. A mason-bee whose half-built cell is exchanged for one already finished and full of honey continues to build and to store. A Narbonne Lycosa, a spider in which the maternal instinct takes a striking form, stupidly fastens a bit of cotton to her spinnerets in place of her egg-bag, and defends it as fiercely from attack. Even the Sphex, which seems to show forethought and exact anatomical knowledge—for she paralyzes a cricket by injecting a preservative fluid at the center of its motor ganglia in order, Fabre believes, that the feeble larva predestined to feed upon it may have fresh and defenseless food—even this marvellous wasp cannot react to new conditions. In short, Fabre can see no point of fusion between instinct and reason; and it is interesting that Bergson quotes these studies of paralyzing wasps in a "Creative Evolution" to confute the neo-Darwinians and support his distinction between reason and intuition.

But even if, as is generally held, Fabre's theoretical deductions are sometimes fanciful, swayed by his religious belief in the "organic harmony of nature," that does not affect the value of his infinitely scrupulous and difficult observations, which place him second only to Réaumur, the great eighteenth century naturalist, nor his gift for making them interesting to the average unscientific reader. How many Americans with a bored antipathy to "bugs" are now getting, from collections like "The Life of the Fly" and "The Life of the Spider" a precious thrill of wonder and discovery. Fabre never lost his own sense of the startling novelty and the eternal significance latent in the crawling, flying, teeming insect world. It vibrates like a musical note through the "Souvenirs," and makes the dung-beetle's Gargantuan appetite, the strange passions of the praying Mantis, the prenuptial dance of the scorpions, indeed, the whole cycle of insect births, deaths, loves and wars, live on unforgetably in the imagination.

That is just what Fabre wanted. His great aim was to make the young and the simple love natural history; for that reason he avoided the scientific vocabulary which too often, he says, "seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom," and dropped often into an anthropomorphism that seems as childish to the modern mechanistic specialist as his dislike of specimens and slides does to the morphologist. Maeterlinck's epithet, "the Homer of the insects," prob-

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ably did him little good with these learned doctors. Yet one has only to compare Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" with "Mason-Bees," the latest volume of Fabre's studies, now being so excellently edited and translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, to realize that the purpose of the writers is totally different; Maeterlinck is giving us literature in scientific fancy dress, Fabre putting burning scientific fact into human and literary form.

The form goes back to the Auvergne grandmother described in one of his best chapters. Fabre's way of setting off the insect in piquant or humorous or tender human terms is that of the fireside story-teller, and the Félibre of the Insects, as he calls himself in his single volumes of Provençal verse, is really akin to the genial and homespun Roumanille, to the Mistral of "Jarjaye in Paradise." Like theirs, his spirit was nourished by the beauty of his native earth; like theirs, his literary manner is touched by the primeval poetry and racy expressiveness of the folklore tradition.

Fame came to him very late—not till he was past caring for it, sitting in an arm-chair in his Sérignan garden, like some century-old beetle whose bright eyes still searched the mysteries of life. Anyone who can take his entomology without a smell of alcohol should read the "Souvenirs" from end to end; they warm the heart and stir the mind, for they give us truth colored by a strongly original personality, and set down with a pen not dipped, as he says, in mere ink, but "pierced with a bleeding fragment of the soul."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

A Substitute for Schools

The General Education Board. An Account of Its Activities, 1902-1914. New York: The General Education Board.

SUPPOSE the people in your community learned of a scheme by which, while still working at their old business or profession, they could exactly double their income. Suppose this scheme required merely the application of certain principles rather than the use of additional capital, and that these principles could be demonstrated by an expert who came to your community. Suppose this new work tended to open up scientific knowledge to you, sharpened your business sense, and forced you to develop new enterprises which enlisted the cooperation of your children. Suppose it not only increased your money income, but provided you with a large part of your own food, and so made you more independent of economic crises, unemployment, fluctuating markets and the money-lender. Suppose that the general adoption of the scheme by your neighbors brought new social and intellectual interests into the community life, made, in fact the actual business of making a living the nucleus for these new and attractive interests.

Would not a community that had adopted this scheme be a sort of perpetual vocational and cultural school, where all the persons were at once teachers and pupils? Would not such a community be itself a substitute for schools? Could any child be more fortunate than to learn to make his living and get his education in such a school?

The recent report of the General Education Board suggests that its campaign for better rural education in the Southern states is tending towards the creation of just such communities. In its effort to provide an economic basis for the rural school, it has unwittingly suggested the way to make the rural community a substitute for the school itself. At the beginning of its twelve years' work the Board recognized that it was futile to impose schools, with all the adjuncts of vocational training in agriculture and rural industries such as the South needs, upon a region the economic competence of which could be figured only as one-sixth that of the Middle West. It would be a dubious benefit to provide schools that could only be a burden upon poverty. The Board therefore set about raising the efficiency of the farmer, convinced that increased economic power in the community would of itself establish the schools.

Carried on by the energy and genius of Dr. Seaman Knapp, the propaganda of scientific farming, diversified crops, and home industries has produced amazing results. With almost monotonous reiteration, the demonstration farms and those which imitated their methods in the Southern counties where the work was carried on report a doubling of the yield even in bad seasons. Boys' corn-raising and girls' canning clubs have not only enlisted the enthusiasm of the younger generation, but have given them a training in scientific agriculture infinitely better than their parents had the chance to obtain, and better than any vocational school could have given them. And the experimentation, the checking up of notes, the newly stimulated curiosity in scientific methods, and the need for cooperation in many of the enterprises, have brought about a new community spirit.

The important economic effect has been to make both the household and the community more self-supporting. Old debt-ridden farmers have been put on their feet. The vicious factoring system, or the custom of mortgaging the crop in the spring in order to obtain the year's supplies, has been steadily fought, and everything has been done to turn the tide against the substitution of a money economy for the rural economy—a factor fatally demoralizing to rural life. This tendency to turn the farm into the production of a crop raised not for consumption by the farmer but for profit, is a world-wide phenomenon in line with the economic trend of the age. But everywhere, in Russia as in Oklahoma, where the farmer has tried to turn from producer to capitalist entrepreneur, selling his staple crop and with the proceeds buying his food and materials at the store, the results have been disastrous. For the small farmer it has meant either economic stagnation or slow demoralization. The one-crop man has been at the mercy of chance. Failure of the crop or dislocation of the market left him no resources. Living on the soil, he was powerless to use it. His mortgaging once started, he tended to sink deeper into debt, and became the prey of usurious money-lenders. As a result we have that extraordinary and tragic spectacle of the desperate tenant-farmers in Texas and Oklahoma starving on their debt-crushed farms, in a region as favorable as any for giving them a living if they only knew how to break out of their vicious circle and wrest it themselves from the land. The old small farming which fed the household, and the old local system of barter and exchange of food and services, tended to break down as the farm became a specialized factory. Not only economic independence but the community spirit that was knit by the old rural economy was lost.

The farm, no longer devoted to making a living for the household, became as much divorced from healthy life as the school limiting itself to the purely intellectual and the non-productive has become divorced from it. The specializing, mechanizing tendencies of the time have demoralized the school-child, just as they have demoralized the farmer. The real world was different from the school world, and

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the child went through the latter listlessly and got away as soon as he could. Farm life was dull and hopeless, and so the farmer's children streamed away to the cities, where they would find "life."

To revitalize child, farm, rural community, is the problem which this movement of the General Education Board seems marvellously well devised to solve. Their plan will make the rural community the "real world," with interests and techniques that put it again into the vital currents of the world's affairs.

To make the farm a one-crop factory is to artificialize rural life. To make the school "the sole custodian of the growing child" is to artificialize his personal life. An education that does not make him as much at home in the productive world as in that of the serener visions, is a valueless education for to-day. The school is at best a substitute for social life, a confession that organized society in family, workshop, etc., in its own activity is not able to bring up the child, and must therefore hand him over to a special institution for his training. Where the community is itself a school, the school is superfluous.

R. S. BOURNE.

"Scare-Mongerings"

"Scare-mongerings" from The Daily Mail, 1896-1914. The Paper that foretold the War. London: The Daily Mail.

THE London *Daily Mail,* goaded by its contemporaries' charges and suddenly impressed with its ability as a prophet, got mad and published a booklet entitled: " 'Scare-mongerings' from The Daily Mail 1896-1914. The paper that foretold the war." This work consists of extracts from the *Daily Mail's* articles and those of inferior publications in England and elsewhere, from public utterances and official documents—Kaiser's indiscretions a specialty. The *Daily Mail* began its earthly career on May 4, 1896, and after restraining itself until August it spoke thus of the then youthful emperor: "The touches of Imperial arrogance, the oratorical bombshells, that so frequently astonished the civilized world—the perpetual harping upon the fearlessness of the Hohenzollerns—the belief in succession by divine right—and the all-pervading atmosphere of Ego."

A few days later it broadened out and disposed thus of the German people: "There is, *au fond,* an inherent brutality in the German character which the saving grace of the art of music has never destroyed." In September it was urging the younger generation to join the Navy League; by October the man who opposed the increase of the fleet was "a traitor in act if not in intention." In fact, anyone who has denied that the *Daily Mail* foretold the war should now make a graceful retraction. "Scare-mongerings" with or without quotation-marks, were the almost daily diet of this paper's readers.

This controversy may leave us quite unexcited; but as an illustration of the influences which have been at work for a quarter of a century to foment ill-will, this booklet is of prime importance.

Suppose, for example, the *Daily Mail* had a regular subscriber in Germany—a merchant with business interests across the Channel, an English-reading, slightly rotund, middle-aged man fond of beer and bands. After discovering what was the matter with his Kaiser and his character, this mythical constant reader learned that England was pitifully unprepared to fight, while the German army was "the finest thing of its kind in the world"; that British employers should discharge their German clerks, and that the indiscriminate flying of German carrier pigeons should be stopped; that Germany's coaling stations, her speedy new liners and the growth of the German Navy League, "which was founded in 1898 upon lines similar to the British Navy League," were all menaces to peace and civilization. In 1901 he discovered that England must no longer be satisfied with defending its shores: "The less that is spent upon home defense, the more that is spent upon a mobile field force, the better." In 1902 he was apprised that Prince Henry's visit to the United States was an attempt to estrange America from the mother country, though later in the same year he was warned that England would not drift into strained relations with the United States to oblige Germany. Said the *Daily Mail* at this time: "Germany can never be our friend. Economically, because she has the same aims as we have and is propelled forward by the same economic motor forces; politically, because of her position between France and Russia; psychologically, because the German people are by nature envious, hostile to England and tend to become more so."

Presently our watchful waiter learned that the conquest of the air was but the preliminary to the conquest of England. In 1905 he was warned that the proposal of Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, to reduce armaments should not be taken too seriously; it was possibly only because "however formidable foreign shipbuilding programmes may appear on paper, we can always overtake them in consequence of our resources and our power of rapid construction." If by 1908 this gentleman retained any hope that there remained in England any friendship for his country, that hope must have been dispelled in the years which immediately followed. Among those who spoke in cordial terms of the Kaiser and his people, Mr. Harcourt was pilloried as blind, Mr. Churchill as ignorant, Mr. Keir Hardie as both. The Little Navy Party or "Suicide Club" was composed of some kind of criminals, while Mr. Norman Angell, whose peace propaganda had attracted much attention in Germany, was apparently rather feeble-minded.

Our German's belief that Britain was thwarting his country's commercial and colonial ambitions was disposed of as follows: "We went out of our path in the past to satisfy Germany, with small thanks. In 1890 we surrendered to her Heligoland. In 1899 we surrendered to her two of the best islands in the Samoan group. We promised not to connect Wei-hai-wei with the Shantung railways."

Month in and month out he learned that England was weak and Germany strong, that England's existence was at stake. Is it surprising that our mythical subscriber joined the Navy League, with its efficient propaganda of hatred and falsehood, became a Junker and a Pan-Germanist and ended with a solemn resolve to fight and bleed (by proxy) for the fatherland? For this one copy substitute hundreds coming daily to Germany, stirring up the anger of the press, inspiring German editorials which met boast with boast, hate with hate, jingoism with junkerism.

The *Daily Mail* did foretell the war; but on its own showing it did all that a newspaper can do to make its prophesy good. One looks in vain for any admission that Germany might safely be allowed to carry out her commercial designs in Africa or Asia Minor, that England's existence might not be endangered if Germany were allowed to build the Bagdad railway. Everything is grist that comes to the *Daily Mail's* mill; the Kaiser's defiant speeches; the Kaiser's protestations of friendship; Germany's aggressive attitude in Morocco; Germany's back-

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down. When the Socialists lose, it is a turning point in history; when they win it is of no importance, for the Reichstag is but the shadow of a Parliament. It damns with faint Tory praise Mr. Churchill's proposal of a naval armistice, then grows furious with Germany because the proposal is rejected. For the reasonable price of sixpence the *Daily Mail* proves that it ought never to have existed.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

A Book on Sorcery

The Romance of Sorcery, by Sax Rohmer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.50.

THE witch and the sorcerer have always been among the most popular inhabitants of the world of "romance," just as they are in real life priests of the oldest and most enduring religion in the world. Devil-worship originated as soon as the first child was hurt by something he did not understand; that it flourishes to-day is evidenced by the ubiquity of fortune-tellers in our midst, the popular love of "mascots" or the frequency of "freak" religions. Mr. Rohmer has accordingly chosen a subject pregnant with possibilities; it is the more regrettable that in attempting to do too much he has succeeded in putting it to so little purpose. Properly to treat the romance of sorcery would require either an encyclopedia or a genius; Mr. Rohmer attempts it in one volume and in that volume, at least, he does not show himself a genius. The romance of sorcery, again, does not reside in its trimmings; it is precisely the trimmings that interest Mr. Rohmer and those not the most romantic. He gives us a character sketch, for example, of Madame Blavatsky, the "theosophist," with various culled opinions as to the genuineness of her powers. So far, so good; in the wide sense of the word Madame Blavatsky was no doubt a sorceress. But he injects her, as it were, into a collection of witch-recipes, witch-trials and cabalistic charms—rather superficially studied—and adds to the mixture various more or less "romantic" stories of Cagliostro, Dr. Dee and Nostradamus, in which he carefully avoids the Arts Magical, preferring to consider the love affairs of Madame Balsamo or the trickeries practised upon Dr. Dee by his unscrupulous associate, Edward Kelly—which have no more to do with sorcery than has a collision on the subway with the romance of highway-roads. His volume gives the impression, indeed, of a casual collocation of magazine articles under the first title that suggested itself, rather than of a serious contribution to the literature of one of the most fascinating subjects in the world.

This is the more to be regretted in that a really valuable work on the history, the psychology, and, if you will, the "romance" of students and adepts of the Arts Magical, considered in the light of the innumerable efforts now being made to produce new cults based upon supposed human powers to command those superhuman, would be of the first interest at the present time. Sorcery as a cult will never die, so long as there is left a human being capable of faith as opposed to reason; in our own time it is raising its head once more, in the most civilized communities in all sorts of unexpected disguises, to the despair of the priest and the schoolmaster. Mr. Rohmer knows how to write; if he, or some other, would take up his subject where he has left it, and instead of dealing with sheer tricksters who were not at all romantic, except in the sense in which the French call a murder-case a *drame*, regard the old sorcerer in the light of the new "seer," he would give us something welcome indeed.

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Antecedents

The New Map of Europe: 1911-1914, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.

TO discover causes of the European war one must reach far back into history. The murder of the Archduke was the merest incident in a conflict of national interests and racial aspirations which runs through many centuries. Dr. Gibbons presents to us the infinitely tangled skein of irreconcilable national ambitions that make up recent European history, and seeks to relate these to older events and more universal developments. He quotes Montesquieu: "There are general causes, moral or physical, which act in each State, elevate it, maintain it, or cast it down; every accident is submitted to these causes; and if the fortune of a battle, that is to say, a particular cause, has ruined a State, there was a general cause which brought it about that that State had to perish by a single battle."

If from a general reading of this book we may venture to suggest what seems to have been the "general cause of this great war, we should say that it was the effort of an expanding German nation to secure a place in the world commensurate with its sense of power, to repel a present and a future Slavic aggression, and to make all these adjustments within a Europe split up by historic hatreds of races jumbled together, and in an extra-European territory preempted by strong and jealous powers. We see Germany struggling at once to maintain her national integrity and launch out upon that "*Weltpolitik*" which is to bring her into conflict with half the world. The animosity of France is kept up through a senseless repressive policy in Alsace and Lorraine, and Germany comes into conflict with England and Russia in her attempt to build the Bagdad Railway to the Persian Gulf. Everywhere she is blocked. The proposed terminus of the Bagdad Railway at Koweït comes under the "special protection" of the British Government. Persia is calmly divided up between Russia and England. France, backed by England and Russia, overcomes Germany in the Agadir controversy, and in Turkey the German manipulations fail ignominiously.

It is, however, in the Balkans that Dr. Gibbons finds the fire that is to set Europe aflame. He shows how the rise of Italy shut off Germany and Austria from control of the Adriatic, and compelled that *Drang nach Oesten* which led the great Teutonic powers into a conflict with Russia for the Dardanelles. We find Austria pushing south towards the Aegean and colliding with Servia, the ambitious little state which dreams of uniting all southern Slavs into a compact monarchy. The story of the persecutions by Austria-Hungary of its southern Slavs, and of the bloody race rivalries in Macedonia and Albania, while Turkey dies at the top, is far from pleasant reading. In July, 1908, the young Turks overthrow Abdul Hamid and the irrepressible conflict begins. The glorious hope of a new Turkey fades; insurrection and massacre break out everywhere in the Empire; Austria-Hungary seizes Bosnia-Herzegovina and Italy Tripoli; the Balkan powers unite in a successful attack upon Turkey, and this ally of Germany and Austria is despoiled and weakened, while an aggressive Servia issues strong and triumphant from the struggle. But a powerful Servia, Professor Wirth had predicted, "would be the suicide of Germany." The die is cast. The defeat of the Bulgarians by the Servians in the second Balkan War means the inevitable European conflict.

The book is interesting, well-informed, and without pedantry. If it errs, it is upon the side of undue concessions to timeliness.

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